

No. 11

MERRY ENGLAND

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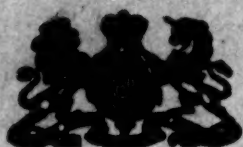
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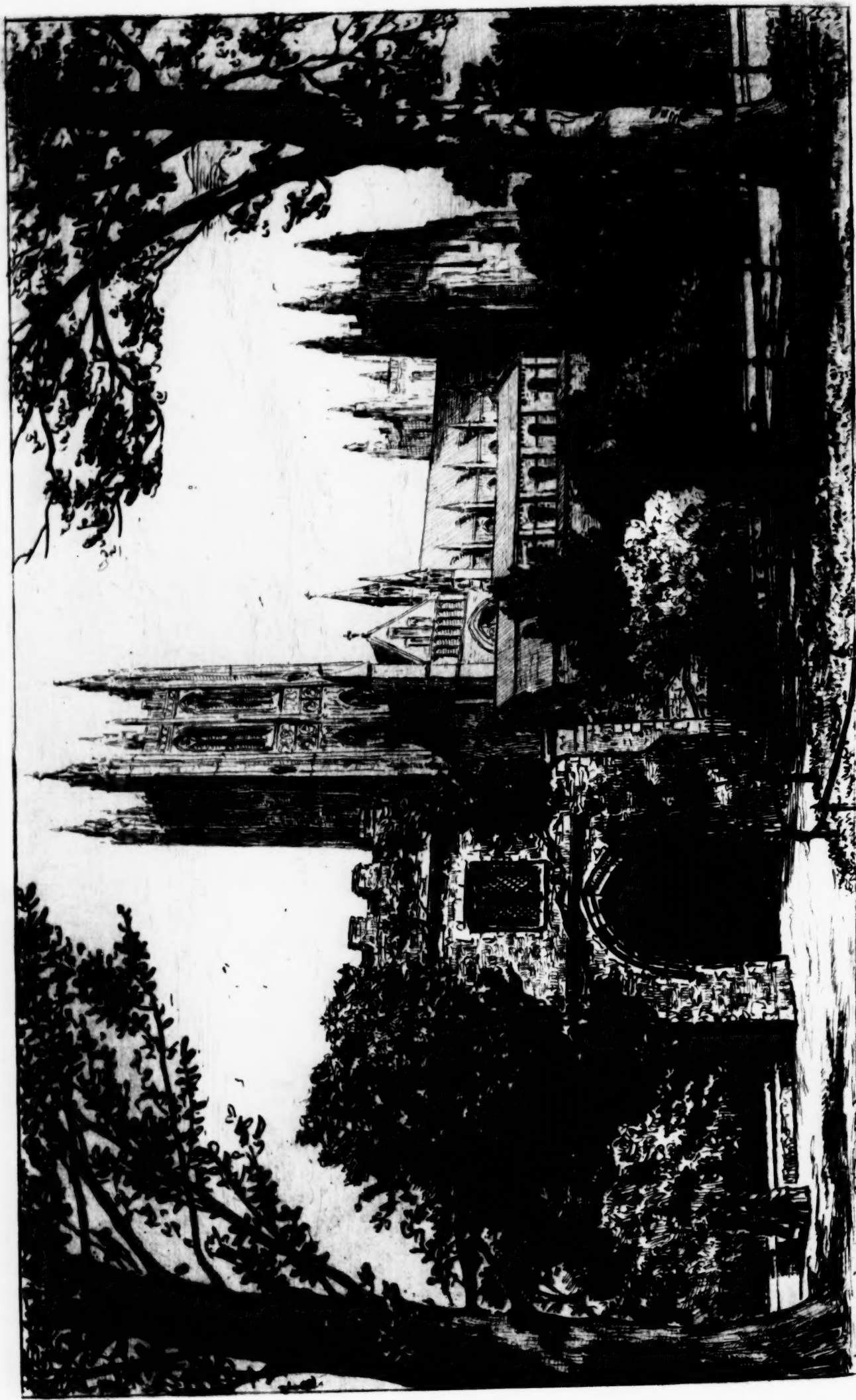
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CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

MERRY ENGLAND

MARCH, 1884.

Canterbury Cathedral.

IT requires a very strong effort of what, for want of a better name, may be called topographical imagination, to stand where Mr. Ellis stood in making the accompanying sketch, and restore in the mind's eye the view presented on, say, the 4th of April, 1540, when the "late Religious Persons of the house of Christ Church in Canterbury," received the first instalments of their pensions, and "departed the same house."

The archway before us is still known as the Dark Entry. We are under the lime trees of the Green Court. On our left is the Deanery. Behind us are the Minor Canons' Houses, and on our right the old Norman gateway to the Almonry Court, and the beautiful Norman staircase to the Hog Hall, or "high hall," replaced, in 1855, with a mock Norman school-room of singular ugliness. Before us, could we have looked into the Green Court prior to the middle of the sixteenth century, we should have seen, high over all, the long roof of the Metropolitan Cathedral Church; in front of it the lower roof of the Chapter House, now partly hidden by another mock Norman building, also curiously unpleasing in every respect, the Chapter Library; to the left the Water Tower, close to the Cloisters, where is now the Baptistry; and in front, just behind the modern railing, the long low roof of the

dormitories and their accompanying offices. The Green Court was then known as the Prior's Court, and the Dark Entry is a part of the site of La Gloriette, the Prior's lodging. Behind it, only lately reduced to a state of ruin, is the Prior's Chapel, which having long been used for the Chapter Library, was partially pulled down to make way for a so-called Norman staircase erected by a local builder. It is sad to think into what ignorant hands our great cathedrals are sometimes suffered to fall. I often hear people talk as if these were things of the past, and as if it would be impossible for any dean and chapter to commit such ravages now ; but we must remember that the alterations at Canterbury of which I am speaking were carried out since the year of grace 1868. About 1872, attention was first called to them by the public press. The personal popularity of Dean Alford, who, from an antiquarian point of view, must be looked upon as a very dangerous person—for he was an amateur artist and architect, and superintended the efforts of the local builder already mentioned—the popularity of Dean Alford made it very difficult to get anything done ; but on his death the new Dean, who, fortunately, had no pronounced æsthetic views, took the matter up, and Sir Gilbert Scott was appointed architect to the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury. A new danger was now incurred. There was no fear that Sir Gilbert would pull away the ancient pilgrims' seats, or dismantle the Prior's Chapel, or rebuild the Norman buttresses, or hide the old and beautiful buildings with new and ugly ones ; but Sir Gilbert had his own views. He hated the Renaissance and everything connected with it, and it so happens that there is in Canterbury Cathedral some of the most beautiful Elizabethan and Stuart carving in the world. Sir Gilbert Scott discovered behind the exquisite stalls a little fragment, partly painted, partly carved, of the old stalls. He immediately proposed to destroy the comparatively modern work, in order to replace it by work absolutely modern, which

operation he was pleased to describe as a "restoration." The rest of the story may be found in his posthumous memoirs. At all events, he was prevented from carrying out his proposals, and entertained, I regret to say, very bitter feelings towards those who had thwarted him. His death disarmed their criticism, and many, even of those who had most bitterly opposed his destructive plans, remembered with pleasure the instruction and entertainment with which they had listened to his papers on the architecture of the church at archæological meetings, and especially at that memorable meeting in 1874, at which so much good work was done. The publication of the memoirs tended to renew the unpleasant feeling in the mind of some of us; but time heals, and though I am specially vituperated and called among other things "an Irishman"—a curious form of argument, by the way—I feel that the controversy into which, ten years ago, I entered with such ardour had best be forgotten. My feelings for Canterbury have an excuse or palliation in this fact. During that very meeting I had occasion to read a little and unimportant paper, the greater part of which had been communicated to me by Mr. Godfrey Faussett. The assembly took place in the Guildhall. I was set in the mayor's chair to read. As I began I lifted up my eyes, and on the opposite wall, I saw to my surprise, the words "William Loftie, 1774," in letters of gold. My great grandfather, as I recollected, succeeded George Frend as mayor in that year; but I confess I was startled at the coincidence, and at the date, exactly a century before. I must apologize for such an egotistical anecdote, and return to the view from the Green Court.

The two western towers appear to great advantage in this view. Before the year 1840 they appeared to far greater advantage, for instead of being uniform as they are now, one, the nearer and northernmost, was of Norman architecture, and was known as the Arundel Steeple, from a peal of bells which

Archbishop Arundel placed in it. Unfortunately this lovely old tower, perhaps on account of the wear and tear caused by the bell ringing, got into such bad repair that it had to be taken down. I doubt not had it lasted twenty or thirty years longer, Sir Gilbert could have "restored" it ; but the architect employed in 1840 was capable only of taking it down, and knowing nothing of mediæval architecture could only rebuild it by imitating its companion exactly. This was the greater pity, because it is by no means worthy of imitation, being in fact a very poor work of the end of the fifteenth century. But the great glory of Canterbury is the central or "Bell Harry Tower." It is perhaps the finest square tower in England, being, it is true, less in height than the Victoria Tower at Westminster, but much more beautiful in proportion and detail. The building was begun during the rule of Prior Sellyng, who was alive till 1495. It must therefore have been one of the first and greatest works undertaken after the accession of Henry VII. had put an end to the Wars of the Roses. As it gradually mounted course by course towards its magnificent height of 235 feet, the Prior grew old and died, but the bold architect, Goldston, was chosen Prior in his stead and the work never flagged. Cardinal Morton contributed handsomely to the expenses, but the shield charged with "three gold stones" carved on the buttresses, shows to whom the credit of the achievement is due. In the centre as a vane was the gilded figure of an Angel, the first sight of Canterbury caught by the pilgrims as they ascended the western slope of Harbledown on their way to the shrine of St. Thomas.

The end of the Benedictine monastery was very gradual. A large number of people had adopted the new religion in Canterbury and in all Kent. The last Prior, Thomas Goldwell, was elected in 1517, being next in succession to the great architect of Bell Harry Tower. Goldwell was more of a student than an artist. He was attracted by the learning then and afterwards denominated "Scotism," from Duns Scotus, but

later seems to have adopted other principles. The shrine of St. Thomas was demolished in September, 1538; the keeping of his holiday having been already abolished. On the 16th of November in the same year it was declared unlawful even to call him a saint. After this, the Prior and his monks had a year of life without the pilgrimages and processions, the gifts and the riches which the shrine had brought them, and then, as I have said, on the 4th of April, 1540, a new order of things came into force, and old Prior Goldwell descended from his lofty position, gave up the mitre and crosier which, although only a Prior, he had been allowed to carry, and became a prebendary on the new foundation. The house which had been a place for the reception of noble pilgrims in ecclesiastical orders became the residence of a Dean. Some few of the monks, like their Prior, conformed, and became also prebendaries, and some minor canons. The rest had to face the outer world on pensions, and the old monastic buildings fell into a decay which was only arrested in order to be made more complete by the "restorers" of our own day.

I have attempted no account of the great church which is the central feature of Mr. Ellis's view. It is too well known, for one reason. The history of Canterbury was for centuries the history of England. There is no other place in England to which the foreign pilgrim looks with such feelings of reverence. To the American, who talks of our land "as his old home," Canterbury is more sacred by far than, I am sorry to say, it is to the inhabitants thereof. Yet to all students of our history, to all who remember Queen Bertha and her little chapel of St. Pancras, to all who have had occasion to read of the origin of Christianity in our country, and who still feel, in spite of the intolerant freshness of this modern age, that there is something worthy of reverence in the genius which could produce such work as the King's School staircase, or Bell Harry Tower, Canterbury remains the centre and metropolis of England.

W. J. LOFTIE.

Poetesses.

DIVISIONS are either significant or merely amusing and convenient. Comment, criticism, and biography rely upon divisions for making their tasks possible ; and we need not be too fastidious in asking for scientific classifications when Nature and accident give us such an obvious and evident division as that of nationality among poets, for instance. Indeed, we might go further and allow a classification according to less significant accidents. There have been enough one-armed heroes, from Hannibal to Nelson, to tempt a book-maker to the making of a book, compact, select, and decisive as to its boundaries. And the one-armed condition is an heroic concomitant of heroism ; it involves no fantastic and fortuitous community of fate. We might, therefore, give still greater licence to the dividers, and allow them to group and classify their crowds more arbitrarily ; to collect their subjects by a rule which need have little importance, but which shall serve the purposes of including and excluding for the purposes of the author. A recent writer separates poets by sex ; and is the division to be taken as significant, or only as convenient ? Into the larger question of mental sex we need not now enter, for only fanatics would consider it open to controversy, and he would be a fanatic indeed who should deny that traditional and cumulative habit, if not Nature herself, has fixed differences between intellectual man and intellectual woman. These differences may or may not be essential, but if not essential they are habitually accidental. And such habitual accidents afford the biographical critic a very fair reason for this division. That Mr. Eric Robertson, in his recent book of "English Poetesses," takes

them for granted as essential, may possibly stimulate some feminine protest, but should not move the indignation of even a poetess.

The author apologizes at the outset for the uncouth substantive, and lays upon women the responsibility of it. They have not had the wit to find a better word. In art—when they first agreed to separate themselves in London into a society—there was the same lack of a word. “Female artists,” it was agreed, did not sound pretty, and was abandoned in time for “lady-artists,” which seems open to objections of its own. The wise antique word for poet is epicene, and has to be violated with an inadmissible termination in order to suit the divisions of the modern critic. Why not obey the hints of language—language which contains suggestions for the writer, as the poplar-grove keeps a song for the wind to waken—and give up the division of poets by sex? Granted that no woman has, as a matter of fact, ever equalled the greatest men in poetry, why not give to her who has gained a lower eminence her place among the men of lower eminence? Of course, the author whom we are treating, and who believes in “poetesses,” has a very intelligible reply; he insists upon divisions of kind and not of degree. Let us, then, toss back to him the responsibility for his title!

The early ages of “poetess’s” poetry in England are not very early. Saint Hilda, the abbess who ruled, crosier in hand, over the clergy of northern Whitby, had no part in Cædmon’s song except the part borne by authority in the work of genius that is noble enough to choose service instead of the poor self-flatteries of irresponsibility and of impetuous promptings. So that the first woman connected with the great literature of England was influential, not active; and for a poetess we must cross over centuries and reach the times of the matchless Orinda, that Katharine Philips who in the Restoration was overpraised, but evidently, though much loved, not over-

loved, as "a sweet woman in a corrupt court," and as a literary personality of influential importance in her time. What she was had more weight than what she did ; and we may perhaps find in that fact a rebuke to a time like ours, so enamoured of adding up little acts and facts—a kind of "deadly doing : " does not some Dissenting hymn sing of such ?—that it is carelessly tolerant, and proud of its tolerance, as to the being of those it appraises. The matchless Orinda has left us verse which her latest biographer fairly describes as "not very interesting to the modern reader. It is affected ; there is little heart-beating to be felt in it. . . . If her acquaintance, Mrs. Owen, goes to sea, verses are written encharging her to the care of a sufficiently respectable Triton. His Majesty crossing from France must be addressed in an epistle comparing him to Arion on a dolphin. And so on. These faults are easily pointed to ; but there yet remains a great deal of worth in Katharine Philips's verse." And he shows us how the influence of her personality, of her taste, and of her little work, favoured the new French doctrines, and thus helped to "sober and clarify the blood of our literature, which had been exhibiting what we might call a gouty tendency." Nevertheless, her verse—medicinal in its time—is not such as we, who need no such French corrections of that kind, care now to quote ; but there is a certain malicious satisfaction in citing a specimen of the effects of the clarifying process, as shown in him with whom Dr. Johnson began the count of English poets worthy of eighteenth-century respect—Abraham Cowley :—

"If Apollo should design
A woman laureate to make,
Without dispute he would Orinda take,
Though Sappho and the famous Nine,
Stood by and did repine."

If Orinda showed courage in touching English verse—that instrument which had been as much monopolized by men as was the violin until later times, the woman who comes after her

achievements in painting brooks in which "the bottom did the top appear," and the disfiguring rhetoric about the Valley of Jehoshaphat—in spite, that is, of wilful silliness like that of a child that caps its own quaintness with an inanity, and of lapses into unpardonable artistic insincerity—this ode to the exquisite memory of that happily, if accidentally, conspicuous woman, is yet the most lovely of Dryden's masterpieces, with its compunction, its nobility, and its tender magnificence.

Over the unattractive personality of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu we are not tempted to linger. To most readers the challenge of her impudent anapaests—those that make mention of the champagne and chicken—appears less tolerable than what may be conjectured of poor Aphra Behn's impulsiveness and wit. But, however this may be, nothing but the exigences of a classification which Mr. Robertson has no doubt found to be as inconveniently constraining in its inclusions as other kinds of divisions might be in their exclusions, could warrant the admission of Lady Mary into a company of poetesses. When he resolved that sex should be the boundary of his subject, the author no doubt congratulated himself upon the manageable size of his little field. But if every plant of a little field has to be collected, the harvest is ranker than if a mile of country were lightly searched for roses. In the instance before us, Mrs. Piozzi has also been duly gathered from the little field, though that energetic breweress (she really was active enough in her first husband's business to justify the making of another feminine noun) and pleasing letter-writer and essayist produced no verse that has been remembered except the rather adroit metrical fable of "The Three Warnings." Mrs. Cowley is found there too, because, besides her tolerable dramas, she wrote heroic verse after this manner:—

"Zorador's fury to such transports grew,
At the destruction of his hopes, he seemed

No longer man ! His eyeballs glared with rage ;
 His brain on fire, his wrath spared not himself ;
 His beard in scattered fragments strewed the floor,
 While his inflated bosom, racked within,
 Without resounded with his frenzied blows :
 He raved, blasphemed, and wept."

After this we are resigned to the industries of Mrs. Charlotte Smith and to those of Mrs. Barbauld, lightened as these are for readers by the pretty stanza which Wordsworth so generously envied her, and which closed an otherwise cumbersome little poem :

" Life, we've been long together,
 Through pleasant and through cloudy weather ;
 'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—
 Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear.
 Then steal away, give little warning,
 Choose thine own time ;
 Say not Good-night, but in some brighter clime
 Bid me Good-morning."

Of these verses we may pause to say that it is no wonder a man wished he had written them, for in their lightness they are very like man's work. If the paradox may be pardoned us, they are easier, gayer, and sweeter than what a woman's hand, weakened by so many causes, can commonly achieve. What is so rough, and what can be so violent, as a weak, impetuous touch ? We would rather have a man's pianissimo upon any instrument—language, the piano, the etcher's copper—than a woman's. Mrs. Browning lacked the strength to be gentle : constrainingly pathetic she is, and strenuously tender at rare moments ; but not light or low.

In such brief notes as these we may pass over Miss Seward and charming Mrs. Opie, and " dear Mary Lamb," and that group of more authentic poetesses of Scotland which includes the name (slightly grotesque in our modern ears, familiar with her Shakesperian contemporary reputation it not with her work itself) of Joanna Baillie. But we should not be pardoned for not pausing at Mrs. Hemans, whose mediocrity and sweetness gained for her that popular enthusiasm

which is far oftener given to reward such apparently unexciting merits than to crown either great worth or showy worthlessness. Experience on this rather curious point corrects what might have been our judgment as to popular feeling. For mediocrity we should have expected a mild if general admiration ; while in our severer moments we might have assigned the enthusiasm of the multitude to bad and violent art of a certain kind ; and in our more amiable moods we should have taken the general acclamation as the voice of a divine judgment on what is great, simple, and sublime. But both guesses are often astray. The populace does not simply like—it loves—respectable talent ; loves it with unexpected emotion and excitement. The political *personnel* of our present day offers an instance of this kind of *bourgeois* feeling raised by a name which we dare not write for fear of enthusiastic indignation. Mrs. Hemans took the hearts of the overwhelming majority. Her sadness was pleasing—it never hurt a reader by penetrating between soul and spirit, as the sadness of high sincerity has pierced. Her work was thus all the more fit for schools and for the learning by children. Nevertheless, even that general acclamation has long passed away. Our mothers were taught to repeat Mrs. Hemans' verses, yet few of us assuredly but were fed on something at once stronger and simpler ; and for our children's ears her name will have few associations. Nor is the just and delicate judgment in Mr. Robertson's book of Poetesses intended to force her fame into longer life.

L. E. L.'s can never, we must believe, have been so serious a reputation as that of Felicia Hemans ; the mediocrity of the younger woman never was so sound as that of her predecessor, her shortcomings never so admirable. Of Mrs. Norton, Mr. Robertson, while allowing that her work would be dismissed by later criticism as little above commonplace, asserts that "she is always easily read." Easy things to understand her verses may be—but to read ! In our own experience the "Lady of

la Garaye" is a poem capable of resisting attack with complete success. On the death of Mrs. Southey's fame it is unnecessary to dwell, for that very death is forgotten. It only precedes surely enough the ending of a far more important fame. Nor need we pause over Miss Flower Adams, or Miss Mitford, or Sara Coleridge, whom Mr. Robertson has been constrained by his classification to gather in. The two latter women have of course left memorials more lasting than their scanty and unnoticeable verse.

To Mrs. Browning the Poetesses' biographer has brought his most serious and level judgment, avowing that she is to be approached without the mental reservation of allowance for her sex. He treats the great woman with a worthy thoughtfulness, and traces through the earlier poems the growth of her genius, which was so evidently growth in beauty and power, [and growth out of imperfections. For the sake of the interest of this evolution, we welcome passages from the noble failures of "The Drama of Exile" and "The Seraphim," in place of citations from poems which we all know by heart. Through the earlier as well as the later works, dignity reigns in the verse by the author's reserve of her abundance rather than by insistence or intended extremity of expression. It is easy to separate the moments in which the poet was so strong that she could relax the tensivity of her hold, from those moments in which her hand is rough because it is not sure. It is in her more meditative verse that the happier moods are most frequent; they are surely rarest in poems of movement, such as "A Rhapsody of Life's Progress" and the narrative parts of "Aurora Leigh." In some of the linear arts we may find a parallel—a tense manner implying less solidity of draughtsmanship than lies below a lightlier-handled surface. But perfect or imperfect, Mrs. Browning's moods are rare. Her strenuousness and her stillness are alike her own, proper to her mind among all other minds. One position may be lovelier than another, but each is

personal and inimitable. Here is a stanza from the moment of laxer grip and surer possession :—

“ ‘There is no God,’ the foolish saith,
But none ‘There is no sorrow,’
And Nature oft the cry of faith
In bitter need will borrow :
Eyes which the preacher could not school
By wayside graves are raised,
And lips said ‘God be pitiful’
That ne’er said ‘God be praised.’ ”

But the most exquisite example of all is in the whole poem of the “Seamew.” Of the other mood we need give no specimen ; it lasts throughout the violently virtuous stanzas of “Lord Walter’s Wife,” and its presence has not prevented the popularity of “Lady Geraldine’s Courtship”—more known and more in request for collections than any other of the poet’s works.

Mrs. Browning’s criticisms on her contemporaries, as betrayed by the publication of her early letters, bear the stamp of that energetic personality, so distinct that no hesitancy or doubt as to style, or study of models, seems to have ever obscured it. It is certain that many natures mould themselves in youth according to an ideal of their own—often with an unrelaxed discipline ; and it is only with maturing years that they undo this work, and learn slowly to be simply themselves ; but this strong and sincere woman was always herself with all her heart. Never a weak judgment, but a capricious judgment seems to be hers at times—as in her surprising impulsive over-estimate of Macaulay’s “Lays ;” of the late Lord Lytton’s romances ; in her equally impulsive injustice to Sir Henry Taylor ; to Coventry Patmore, at whose exquisitely thoughtful poetry she scarcely glanced ; and in her complacent, or at least *not* irritated, acknowledgment that “Lady Geraldine’s Courtship” (the only nearly worthless piece she ever wrote) had been the most popularly successful of her poems.

Perhaps Mrs. Browning’s mastery of the sonnet in its noblest

form is due to her wise obedience to its restraining laws. Her sonnets are perfectly constructed in all except the pauses, and this small but stately shape of verse has gently induced her abundance into quietness and a kind of impassioned peace. The "Sonnets from the Portuguese" have also a roundness of thought which makes their perfection of feeling still more beautiful. All, or almost all, Mrs. Browning's poems contain a special thought; but sometimes this is half-lost, or at least made inconspicuous, by its occurring in a train of images and expressions of feeling rather too long for artistic form. In the sonnets—and these love-sonnets are incomparably her best and most beautiful—the thought appears in clear outline unbroken by the ornament. It is in this precious series, and on poems so artistically pure as "The Seamew," "My Doves," and "The Sleep," that chiefly we found a love and reverence so special as that which we pay to Elizabeth Barrett Browning among the poets worthy to be named with her.

To Adelaide Procter the biographer of Poetesses justly gives the respect due to her beautiful character, and to the lyrical sweetness which has made her works dear to the whole of England. If it is essential that a singer should sing, Miss Procter has achieved not only what is well worth doing, but what is entirely pertinent to her art, proper to its methods, and fitting to its aims. Another of her important merits is her originality. There is originality and originality. Mr. Robertson has hit upon the quality of that which she possesses when he says that she is, "as far as she goes, as original as Longfellow." It is indeed not imitativeness that ever threatens to weaken her verse, but rather that very facile individuality, a ready-made and uncostly character. It would be always impossible to doubt the authorship of any stanza of hers which we had never read before; something easy and slight said about great things—especially angels, children, and stars—and also the way in which this is said, would certainly betray her.

But there is one of her poems—"The Legend of Provence"—on the loveliness of which Adelaide Procter's fame may well rest, and in the stronger passages of which all such little mannerisms are absorbed by profounder feeling. We hear a somewhat deeper note, a graver accent, than those of the light and all too plaintive head-voice with which her verse has made us pleasantly familiar.

Emily Brontë's genius, her great and lonely intellect, that force of hers in which there is none of the tensity of secret weakness, but an *intensity* that never falters; her solemnity, her solitary courage, her direct contemplation of essential evil, and the more than human liberty which she claims for her own great and melancholy heart—these have made her dear to no public. It is not here, or in the few words for which space remains to us, that even the thoughts of Emily Brontë's few poems can be discussed. Her power is both a singer's and a thinker's; her thought is in revolt, and her voice is distant. She makes no appeal to our easy pity. Who else ever sang such a note as this?

On George Eliot as a poet a somewhat harsh judgment has been passed by the critics. It may be hoped that this judgment will at some time be reconsidered, and that the world which acknowledges the altogether quintessential and inestimable value of her prose work will one day own precisely the same quality in her poetry, with an added eloquence and beauty which are absent from her novels. George Eliot's prose shows generally a delicate self-denial as regards beauty. It has other perfections—marvellous adjustment, infinite and exquisite justice between word and word, a costly research in meanings; and these things are hardly compatible with beauty. Rhythmic prose—"numerous prose," as it was called in the last century, when it was believed to form the greatest glory of English literature—requires less close language and thought than hers, for such prose has something of a high and worthy kind of

rhetoric ; whereas George Eliot's prose has nothing to do with rhetoric at all. But in her poetry she permits herself more beauty, and gives wings to her thought. Essentially the thought is the same throughout her works. No one else has said so few things. To pay at all costs the debt of sympathy to man ; to slip away from under no burdens that may fall upon others ; to sacrifice not ease only, nor happiness, but our very individuality, by renouncing in an impassioned selflessness the hope or fear of separate or conscious immortality ; these (but we betray the incompleteness of our own language by trying to say what she alone can say with that perfect adjustment which we have noted) are the counsels of Positivist perfection which she wrote to give the world. And she gives those counsels in her poems as in her prose, but with an added glory of imagery ; creating men and women as true to the laws of that human life which she profoundly revered, as any in her novels, and depriving her reader of nothing but that exquisite humour which rightly belongs to her prose only. The close of "Jubal" is a passage so great and so poetic that to have written it should ratify her title to that name of poet which has rather glibly been denied her.

The names that remain in Mr. Robertson's pages are names of living writers. The comprehensiveness to which his classification "Poetesses" constrained him in the earlier part of his task troubles him no longer in the later years. Nay, the arbitrariness of that division by sex is perhaps proved by the fact that he is now obliged by limits of space to exclude as tyrannously as he was obliged to include before. Some names, such as those of Miss Rosa Mulholland and Miss May Probyn, are not mentioned ; and others, which might have had some fuller notice under a classification including men, appear merely in a list at the end. These are, however, faults incidental to a work in other respects well done. To the intellectual sensibility of Mrs. Pfeiffer, to Miss Christina Rossetti's touches of

magic, to Mrs. Hamilton King's exquisiteness and power, to Miss Robinson's dainty culture, to Mrs. Webster's grace, the author pays the right respect. In Miss Jean Ingelow's behalf, however, we should wish to speak a far more enthusiastic word than his. "The coming in of the Mermaiden" assuredly shows a quality of poetry—to take one characteristic among many—perhaps somewhat diluted through much of Miss Ingelow's work, but the possession of which in any degree whatever is assuredly rare ; and in this wonderful little poem it is pure and essential.

"Printing women," as Aurora Leigh with a momentary bitterness calls her sisters, will evidently multiply ; and as time goes on, and the education of the sexes grows more alike, there must needs be an obliteration of the differences which have justified, if they have justified, the word Poetess. George Eliot has wittily said that of all forms of error erroneous prophecy is the most gratuitous ; bearing which in mind, we have refrained here from the cheap device of vaticination as to the verdict to be passed on the writers we have glanced at, by posterity. Of the work of women and men who have written posterity will judge for itself, and a prophecy as to its judgment is only a rather vulgar way of emphasizing our own. But prophecy is one thing, and a perception of strong and swift tendencies is another ; and the tendency to equalization of intellect in the sexes is altogether indisputable.

ALICE MEYNELL.

Amateur Art at Home :

A PLEA FOR FAMILIAR BEAUTY.

THE things surrounding our daily life have, during the last few decades, undergone a complete transformation, and one which has been connected with as great a change in the social character of the people. Those solid gentlemen with double chins and full-bottomed wigs, who practised the morality of the Regency, have departed with the ponderous surroundings amidst which they lived. We see no more their heavy furniture, their carpets with abnormal roses in scrolly frames, and their silver things so big and weighty in ounces ; and rarely do we meet with a piece of the "fancy-work" of their daughters, with its dogs and cats in coloured wools. Neither are we charged with the window-tax, which has passed away with many another embargo on life and the pleasure of it. Yet at the present time there is a great deal to be desired in the matter of domestic art. We need not revert too thoroughly to the age of Anne, which was too light, flippant, and false to leave much good behind it ; the beauty it had being a survival only of what had gone before. It may be very well to walk in an old-world garden, amidst the marigolds and sun-flowers and trim-clipped hedges, where Pan and the Satyrs are reflected in the glassy pools ; but the art of those times, quaint and beautiful though it often was, was not often true ; and it was not the art for these days.

The present revival of the minor and domestic arts tends altogether in the right direction ; but it is important that it should be made a part of the daily life of the nation. There was a time in England when every workman who put his hand

to fashion a thing, were he plumber, carpenter, or smith, in any country village, was capable of impressing it with some art quality of its own. At present, we are apt in our art, as in everything else, to rely too much on the "star principle;" we cry aloud for the advent of a great artist, a Raphael or a Michael Angelo. But let us not forget that a great artist is no isolated phenomenon; he is part of a system, the outcome of an artistic age; a meteor, indeed, but one whose course lies in a particular direction. What is needed is a genuine art culture, a wide-spread love of art, not necessarily of its great ideals, but of the every-day art. Nor is this so very difficult to attain. There are not many homes in England where busy fingers do not labour at something more than necessity dictates, producing works intended to be useful and beautiful also; and it is in these minor arts that the real art culture must be manifested.

The first thing that strikes one in looking at the work produced by ladies at home is its lack of originality and its clinging to a fixed type. When a girl wishes to work in crewels, or to embroider, or to do any kind of needlework, her first thought is to procure a pattern from someone else. Now, a pattern is an admirable thing; but it is a much better thing to make an original design, or even to adapt one to the work in hand. It seems, however, to the beginner to be difficult to do this well; and indeed it is so. Yet there is no one who is so fitted to make the pattern for any particular work as the person who is to execute it, and who can adapt it exactly to the purpose for which it is to be used. There is an opinion abroad, which does a great deal to confirm people in the habit of copying, that to design at all is a matter of great difficulty, calling for inscrutable powers, which are vouched for by certain certificates obtained at South Kensington. This is far from being the case; design is a question of degree; and to design a simple object is a very simple thing indeed. A

design should be an expression of individuality; and after a little observation, experience and thought, anyone may learn to express himself well. "If," says Mr. Charles G. Leland, "a pupil give, say at twelve or thirteen years of age, one afternoon in the week to design, that pupil can in another year learn by this design not only to carve wood, model in clay, and work in leather, but in fact grapple successfully with almost any 'minor' or decorative practical art." When Mr. Leland was elaborating his scheme for art handiwork in public schools, he saw, in the bazaars of Cairo, children working beautiful double embroidery "out of their heads;" and boys, with tools as rude as those of English tinkers, making most exquisite jewellery. In other countries he found much the same thing. In Switzerland, Bavaria, the Tyrol, and Italy, the children carved beautifully in wood. In Persia they worked in *papier maché*; in India, in soapstone and varnish work; and in Spain they were potters. If, then, these untutored children, who have never so much as heard of a School-board, nor been polished down to a Code, can do all these things, why should not we? Doubtless we can, if we set about it aright, and gain the freedom of hand and freshness of idea which these children have acquired from practice and the use of a little ingenuity. The following of the "minor arts," which Mr. Leland has devised for American schools, and which Mrs. Jebb is fostering so well in England, is admirably fitted to develop the spontaneous individuality of children, to prepare them for practical work, and to endow them with a probable means of livelihood. It is the object, however, of the present article to show how these arts may be used for the decoration of the home, with especial reference to the work of ladies. Before doing so, it may be well to make a few remarks on the general principles on which art is applied to domestic industries.

One of the fixed and necessary rules, which, being well understood and thought carefully over, will prevent any one

from perpetrating bad art, and do not a little to ensure the attainment of beauty, is the observance of the general principle of truth. Here we have a firm basis for a judgment on decorative art, which cannot be assailed on any ground whatever; and the elaborate analysis which Professor Ruskin has made of the works of certain artists with respect to their truth to Nature is an illustration of the value of this principle. But when we come to deal with decorative and constructive art, it may at first sight appear to some that truth is not so easily discoverable, if the rule can be applied at all. A close study will show that in every object made, the principle of truth is an all-pervading one; and I shall attempt, in a few words, to show that it is, if not art itself, comprehensive at least of a great part of it. The first kind of truth may be termed "intrinsic verity," which ought to be in every object—namely, "that it shall be what it seems to be," and shall serve the purpose which it seems to serve. This principle is directly violated in every piece of deal painted to counterfeit oak or walnut, and in every pillar supposed to support the front of a cabinet which moves out with the opening door. Here the wood is not what it seems to be, and the pillar does not serve the purpose which it appears to serve. This is a kind of falsity to be found at the present time in almost every room.

Ki no Masatami, an eminent Japanese artist of the early part of this century, speaking of plants in design, said, "Conceive the spirit of their natural power of growth;" and this is a necessary rule to be observed in all decoration founded on natural objects. No one who has mastered it will ever again make the leaves on a tendril spring in opposite directions, or falsify in any way the principle of its growth. A plant or an animal may have its points emphasized, or it may be modified, or varied in a hundred ways; but it will still be a plant or an animal in essence. Without attempting fully to show how this kind of truth leads on to beauty, it will be enough for the purpose

to mark that tendency to it in the natural throwing off of curved lines in various directions from the stem of a plant. The beauty of a floral design consists in its truth to the principles of Nature. Another point to be observed is that any design applied to a work should be perfectly suited to it—a large and bold pattern, for example, would in a wall paper distract the eye from the pictures displayed upon it, and a similar ornament applied to a carpet would have a like effect. Following this principle of suitability, we shall arrive at the conclusion that conventional or grotesque design, in a majority of cases, is best adapted to the work we have in hand : and it will not be difficult, for instance, to feel that a terrible dragon, endowed with mighty wings, fiery eyes and sharp teeth and claws, placed in a square Japanese panel, is more effective as decoration than any naturalistic animal could possibly be. It is all-important in the application of ornament that it should be perfectly suited to the material in which it is to be executed ; and it is indeed not easily possible for anyone to make a design unless he understands the *technique* of the process by which it is actually to be produced. Thus the intimate connection which should exist between the making and the execution of a design is made manifest. The art-truth here laid down might be illustrated in many ways ; but it will be enough for the present purpose to say a few words about the domestic arts which are easy of employment when the art of design has been acquired—as acquired it can be, according to Mr. Charles Leland, by every person he has ever met. There is no one, he says, “ who could not be taught in a few weeks, or months, to outline decorative ornamental patterns.”

About needlework of all kinds enough has been said and written to make the subject pretty generally understood ; but I would lay some stress on the point, to which I have before adverted, that original design should not be overlooked. In the days when the needlework of England was known all over

Europe as *opus anglicanum*, bought patterns could by no means be had. The designs were made by noble ladies in great castles when their lords were absent in war or chase, or in quiet convents by sisters between the hours of austerity and devotion. The chief thing to be observed in needlework design is that the lines be sufficiently bold, and the parts made so subservient to the whole that the central idea is never lost sight of. For instance, if we have a border of flowing pattern, say of some *motif* of plant-life, the main stem will always be more apparent than the tendrils attached, and the flowers placed along its course will never, at a distance, look like light or dark spots, but always be an intelligible part of the whole design.

Modelling in clay is not usually looked upon as one of the arts which can readily be practised by amateurs. Nevertheless, in its simpler forms it is far from difficult. The tools required for it are very few and inexpensive. I shall not here allude to the higher forms of modelling and sculpture, which belong to the realm of the highest and noblest art, but to those smaller efforts which may very well be made at home, and for the purpose of home decoration. When a certain facility has been acquired, by practice in making copies of work, in the manipulation of clay, let the beginner attempt some model of a simple animal in grotesque—for that is easier—say of a great frog sat on its hind legs with open mouth, as a match-holder. A living specimen can readily be procured, and while it is kept for a couple of hours under a glass shade, a facile hand will soon seize upon its salient points and exaggerate them into effective grotesque. There should be no aim at high finish. Proceeding in this way, the amateur can obtain from a pottery some vessel of simple form in soft clay, and model boldly upon it a floral design, or an animal, such as a snake or dragon crawling around it. But here let it be observed that these designs must not hide or deform the beautiful shape of the vase, as is the

case with so much of the Barbotine and other similar wares fashionable now. The grotesque animals may very well be made into handles for it, or may occupy a position that does not injuriously interfere with the general outline. When the objects are thus modelled they are sent to a kiln and fired; and they may be painted and glazed in innumerable ways, thus making most beautiful objects for home decoration. It will be seen that this kind of modelling is associated with china-painting; itself an admirable art which is known so well that nothing need be said of it here.

Any one who has acquired the art of modelling in clay will speedily develop facility in wood-carving, than which no art is more useful for home decoration. The beginner in this art should avoid anything that is finical or petty; let him, above all things, be bold and Gothic: a Gothic panel should be an inspiration to him. Panels carved in this style, with conventional oak leaves, or a quaint rebus, or some pithy motto, give a character to domestic furniture. They are indeed invaluable, and the beginner will do them well; and beyond such work will soon feel his way to other lines of his art, which need not here be detailed. The art of working in leather, the old *cuir bouilli*, is another thing that comes easily to the modeller in clay. *Cuir bouilli* is simply leather softened to a pulp by boiling, or immersing in cold water, and it hardens when dry; but, if boiled with alum, or backed with shellac and naphtha glue, it becomes almost like wood. The leather, in its soft state, is worked by hand with markers, bodkins, punches, and stamps, and is capable, in beautiful designs, of being applied to innumerable objects for domestic decoration. Inferior ways of working in leather are by sewing it together in differently coloured pieces to pattern, and by cutting out in sheet leather the leaves and petals of plants.

The art of hammering in sheet brass, the old *repoussé* work, is one which Mr. Charles G. Leland revived. The metal thus

worked is used for panels in furniture, plates for walls and fire-places, and a great many other purposes. The thin sheet of brass is placed upon a bed of pitch-composition, or of lead, and is worked upon with punches from before and behind, until the design is raised upon a roughened background. This is not a difficult art, and in the beginning brass may be used so thin that the hammer will be very little required. When some practice has been had at this kind of work, it will be easy to proceed to the making of salvers with conventional designs of flowers or rampant lions—very effective for the decoration of rooms. There are many other minor domestic arts ladies would do well to essay, including mosaic work on a small scale, which is not difficult; horn work; ornamental basket-work in wicker; and tapestry-painting, so called. This last is a fashionable art, and a very good one, affording rare scope for rich and massive decorative effects, which are obtained with the outlay of comparatively little time; but let no one be beguiled into the painting of pictures, or the imitation of tapestry or embroidery, for tapestry-painting is capable of much better things than these.

In laying down these first principles and methods of decorative art, and of its application to the beautifying of our homes, there has not been space to illustrate them thoroughly; nor, indeed, has it been necessary to do so. A little thought about them will be much more effective, and will bring easily to mind examples enough for that purpose; and it will soon be apparent that good domestic art is far from being so difficult as many of us suppose. We shall, in fact, speedily be convinced that there are few persons who are not capable of something in that direction; and that the energy of home-work, which is often now directed somewhat amiss, is capable of doing great things when turned into a proper channel. But it is vain for the ordinary amateur, who does good work in rendering pleasant his home life, to enter the lists in the open field

with those who have made art a profession. Art should be pursued by the amateur *con amore*, and in the exercise of it his faculties will be elevated and his pleasures enhanced. His productions may often be weak, and they will no doubt be rude, but they will at any rate bear the impress of human thought and human handiwork, and they will therein always be respectable, and immeasurably superior to the soulless work which emanates from a machine.

JOHN LEYLAND.

The Doctor's Guest.

I.

"**I**T was only a bit bairn—ye ought not to take on so." The speaker was a soft-featured, broad-bosomed old dame. Her face was tear-stained, and she was dressed in black.

"True, it was only a bit bairn," answered the man, digging his hands deep into his pockets. He was a sallow, spare man, about five-and-thirty, hook-nosed, thin lipped, his black hair close cropped. "Look here," he went on in a constrained tone, pushing back his chair and rising, "it is getting on to eleven."

"I am going to bed in a moment," replied the old lady. She was a distant relation of the doctor, and looked after his modest household. She hesitated, standing in the doorway, glancing anxiously under her faded eyebrows at Mr. Moreson, who, with his back against the mantelpiece, was quickly filling his pipe, ramming down the tobacco with wiry fingers. "You ought to think of what Scripture says: keep yourselves from idols," she continued, with a broken voice.

"Go!" said Mr. Moreson, with a gesture of impatience, turning his head aside and brushing off a tear, and Mrs. Waddy disappeared with a plunge.

Left alone, the doctor behaved singularly. He lit his pipe, puffed fiercely at it for a moment, then laid it down; he paced the room, stopped before his bookcase, took out a volume, dipped into it and threw it aside; then standing before the window, he began to whistle a scrap of a merry tune.

It was a wild night in spring, vocal with a thousand dismal sounds. The wind moaned, the trees wrung their

branches, twisted and bent beneath it ; the swish of the restless boughs, the pain of the tormented flowers, rose distinct against the boom and protest of the more distant sea. Soon the whistle fell from the doctor's lips, and he stood looking out blankly through the rattling panes. " True, it was only a bit bairn," he repeated. " I have seen scores of these bit bairns dying under my hand—but this bit bairn !"

Mr. Moreson was a country doctor : he had a large practice extending over an area of many miles. He was overworked and underpaid. His appearance suggested a personality, not altogether a pleasant one ; but vivid and decisive. The long hooked nose and piercing expression of the features, gave a hawk-like character to the face, when turned in profile. Seen in full, the sweep of the forehead, the brightness of the glance, falling direct, inquisitive, insistent, redeemed the countenance from plainness. A physiognomist would have discovered that the strength of expression came from the lurking sympathy ever present in its scrutiny, and would have seen in it an experience of human nature in its rawest produce. You felt the doctor was a good man—if inclined to impatience of blunders and folly. He was not popular ; but he inspired a great respect in his patients. Those who were inclined to look upon dirt as synonymous with comfort, regarded him as the enemy of a quiet life. He did not seem tender to the sick ; he was not affected by harrowing scenes. He cut short garrulous lamentations. If his directions were not obeyed, he spoke roughly. Yet he was a favourite with sick children ; he knew how to cheer the old ; and the afflicted confided in him.

Life had been a rough experience to the doctor. His brilliant career as medical student had been crossed by the sudden bankruptcy of his father. He had begun practice at Ashton to help to pay his father's debts, accepting the offer his old friend the doctor had made him to take him into partnership. After the death of this friend he had married his daughter—a

match impelled by affection mingled with associations of gratitude, rather than by a warmer feeling ; but the union proved a happy one, and the short span of married life lingered in the doctor's memory with a sense of peaceful grace. Two years after, his young wife had died of consumption ; her grave was in the South of France. On the afternoon of the night on which we find him, he had laid his little daughter in Ashton churchyard.

His heart seemed turned to stone. The desolateness, the solitariness of his lot overcame him. In his abject grief he was always seeing before him his child's death ; those feeble attempts at play by the little hands that had lost their grasp ; he was always seeing that terrible last moment, when the closed eyes opened, a smile flickered over the waxen lips, as he bent over and softly whistled that favourite tune, "Boys and girls come out to play." Then the gasp, the convulsed tension, and the stiffening of the limbs that but a week before had moved to the bounding rhythm of young life.

With a low moan the doctor turned from the window, and began to handle the relics of a child's presence lying among his books—a spade, a one-armed, blurred-faced doll, a broken miniature tea-set ; some shells in a box. He took these, letting them drop one by one like the beads of a rosary through his fingers. Then he went to his desk and took out something. Lilac grew plentifully in his garden outside : it was in full, fresh bloom, if he loved the flowers. This was a withered bunch of lilac, fastened with a bit of thread, as a child would tie it. He kissed the clumsy knot. Then he took out a coloured photograph. It showed a brown-haired child, looking resolutely out, one arm firmly stretched on the cushion of a chair, the other enfolding a battered doll. The doctor looked a while ; one little whisper, one little laugh would make life worth having once more ; but the picture was voiceless and laughless. He put his arms down on the table and laid his head upon them,

with heavy heaving of the shoulders. Then a sound caught his ear. He started up, the tears glistening on his cheeks, and listened. He heard it again, an answering sob, out in the night—distinct through the storm. Mr. Moreson had long ago dismissed the unknowable as a useless guest. To-night, he was beside himself; to use a bold word, he was almost drunk with grief. He fancied he heard his own sob echoed. The thought came to him: "It is Elsie—it is my child;" and he listened intently. Some moments of agonized tension, and the sob came again, clear through the sough of the wind.

"Elsie, Elsie," he cried in his folly of anguish. He waited; it did not come again. Dazed and giddy, he opened the door, lifted a lantern and looked out. Rain, like cold tears, smote his face; he could have fancied that a presence rushed wildly past him; it was the torrent of the trees in the blast. Making a step forward to pursue his guest, he stumbled; his feet had pushed against something on his doorstep. Turning the light upon it, he saw a figure curled there. The face was hidden; but the soiled and draggled clothes, the streaming hair proclaimed it to be a woman's. It was a rag of a girl lying there. Stooping, he put the lantern down, and gently turned the head round. The face was blue and pinched, the lips parched; the hands crisped like claws, were pressed against the chest. She was a stranger.

All the night, the doctor had seen before him the body of his loved child stretched under the beating rain—now in her pallor and stiffness, in her emaciation and unconsciousness, this poor creature looked like the buried dead. As he bent over her, he felt that life was not entirely extinct; in a flash the physician instinct to save had dominated every morbid fancy. He had gathered the senseless creature up in his arms and laid her before the fire in his study. He called no one to his help; there was not a moment to lose in delay or explanations. All the appliances to restore her were at hand, and the doctor set

to work vigorously. As the tide of life slowly set back, the girl instinctively, like a dying animal, repelled his care, turned away, lifted her shoulder, and hid her face.

With increasing animation, her resistance became more marked, but the doctor persisted, and every moment life gained in the contest and distanced death. Suddenly she turned upon him—"Let me be! I ran away from home to kill myself. Let me be." She spoke rapidly, but without any sign of wandering. It was simply the assertion of a purpose that she had formed.

The doctor stopped instinctively; then putting another blanket over her: "Poor child," he said, gently; "were you unhappy at home?"

The soothing tone apparently vaguely took her by surprise; the haggard glance softened. "Home, I've got no home—Jinny's dead."

"Who is Jinny?"

"She was my little sister—six years old. Mother died when she was born, and now she's dead too."

There was a pause. The girl lay with wide open eyes, breathing heavily. "There, you must not speak any more," said the doctor, rising. "I shall call up some one and we shall get you to bed."

But the girl resumed in her quick voice: "They led her an awful life. Father takes the part of his new wife. He let her strike Jinny—he did. They locked me up, to keep me away from Jinny when she was dying. I got out. I went in all the same. She was buried yesterday; that's why I ran away—I ran away in the night——"

"Hush! you must not think of all this now," said the doctor.

She did not heed the interruption: "The pool looked so black and quiet. As it was full of dead things already, I could not bear to go into it. I had some money in my pocket.

The coach took me a long way ; then I walked, and walked ; they told me that was the way to the sea. I heard it through the dark. I smelt it a long way off. It seemed to call me. The waves looked like ghosts dancing ; they ran after me with their grey arms stretched out. But it seemed less lone to die where the light shone under the porch, with the smell of the lilac. It seemed like the garden at home when mother was alive."

She appeared to be wandering now. As he remained hesitating whether to leave her, she suddenly put her hand upon his, and looked into his face—

"You'll not send me back—promise—never?"

He felt the pressure of the hot little fingers fastening like claws over his. A curious sense of comradeship, a loyalty towards this belated stranger, came to him ; he felt as if they were two wayfarers, who, unawares, had jostled up against each other in the dark wood of suffering. "Promise," she repeated, with a pressure of her hand.

"I promise," he replied, with that recognition of the tie between them. "You shall not leave my house but of your own free will, if I can help it."

For a moment she remained holding him with an alert and fearful glance and with that insistent clasp. Then, all at once, she loosed her hand, a quiver relaxed the tension of her lips, and she dropped back white and weak on the cushions he had laid on the floor.

It was Sunday, the fifth day after the waif's arrival, and Mrs. Waddy expressed her opinion that the girl was going to die. "It looks to me as if she did not care to live," she said, with a doleful shake of the head. The doctor went into the garden and gathered some flowers ; they were old-fashioned annuals, that had bloomed in the same sunny corner year after year, and out of their tender petals as he lingered among them memories greeted him like invisible presences. With his nose-

gay in his hand he made his way upstairs to the sick-room. He stopped a moment on the threshold, looking at his guest, unseen by her. The parched look of fever had been succeeded by a transparent pallor, the eyes gazed on vacancy with a concentrated expression on the listless lips; he recognized that fatigue of life which had irritated Mrs. Waddy; the contrast with the youthfulness of the girl's face touched him. He approached, sat down by the bedside, and expressed his hope that she would soon be well.

She made a quick movement, and he looked away not to read the rebellion in her glance.

"Look," he said, "I have brought you some flowers to tempt you out—London-pride, wallflowers, and lilac." The kind voice dropped suddenly. She took the flowers, and she went on: "and candytuft and Lent lilies."

Her voice faltered; she turned her face to the wall, and thrust the flowers from her. In the silence he knew that she, too, was seeing a child's limpid eyes looking at her over the flowers.

"Speak to me of your little sister; tell me about her," he said, laying his hand on the coverlid.

"I can't," she said languidly. "Why won't you let me die when I want to? I am always seeing her lying so quiet there before me, with blue circles under her eyes. It is always like.—I am seeing her. Why will the children come and play under my window? I hate to hear them laughing and so merry."

"I lost a little child. I think she was just the age of your little Jinny," the doctor said, steadily keeping his voice under control.

"Six years old?" she asked.

"Six years."

"When did she die?"

"She died a few days before you came; she was buried the afternoon I found you on my step."

"Had she fair hair and blue eyes, and a pale little face, and

hands that felt so small in yours ?" asked the girl, turning half round.

"She had cheeks like beautiful ripe fruit, and a plump hand that led me through any dance it liked. She was never quiet. The house seemed full of her games."

He stopped abruptly. She turned and caught sight of the tears glistening in his eyes. She stretched out her hand and laid it upon his. It had lost its fevered touch and claw-like stiffness ; it lay cool and comforting on his with that understanding comrade's clasp. For a moment they looked at each other through tears. Then the doctor, who talked to no one of his child, found himself telling all about Elsie to this waif ; her quaint speeches, her odd fancies. He showed her portrait, that treasured nosegay, and relics. Little by little he drew out Kate, too, to speak of her little sister, of her mother's death, of her father's marriage—who was a well-to-do yeoman—within the year to one of the farm-servants, of the misery and humiliation of seeing in her mother's place that violent-tempered woman, and all the cruelty that ensued. She told him everything but her family name—Kate was her Christian name—and where she came from. These she kept back.

From that day, a great change was manifest in her ways. She began to mend—she who had remained listless on her pillow.

The convalescence having set in, the doctor contented himself with hearing news of his guest from Mrs. Waddy. He was always out ; the country folk had more reason than ever to look upon the doctor as the enemy of a quiet life. His speech had gained in brevity ; his manner in peremptoriness. He never lingered now by the sick children's bedside. But when, a little later, the doctor met Kate in the garden and about the house, the proximity of this grave-eyed girl, who was acquainted with all the shades and turnings of his grief, began to affect him powerfully and disagreeably. He experienced an

unreasonable recoil. She had risen to be a ghost in his path, and he could not rid himself of the first impression that had made her seem to him the personification of his grief. Habit and surroundings had strengthened a natural disposition to shrink from being made an object of surmise or observation ; he resented the guesses her sensitive countenance expressed as she watched him. In the first acknowledgment of the comradeship of sorrow between them, he had spoken to her of Elsie ; now he evaded her questions concerning his child and answered them curtly. He shrank from seeing her handle the relics in his study. With the associations of sorrow her presence brought, there mingled the constraint a reserved man instinctively feels in the presence of a young girl, and this gave an added touch of *brusquerie* to his manner.

One day, returning home earlier than usual, he missed his child's portrait from its accustomed place. He set off in search of Kate. He found her at work in the arbour. "Did you take down Elsie's portrait?" he asked abruptly.

"The frame was so ugly," she answered, looking up with a wistful smile that said, "Don't you feel like me?" and holding out the coloured photograph surrounded by a quaint garland of pine needles and green cones. As he did not speak, the grave look drifted into her eyes that seemed to say, "Ah, no, you do not."

It came like a reproach ; he broke into exaggerated praise of her handiwork. "It was so pretty, so cleverly done. She ought to be a decorative artist."

Still the troubled look remained, and he turned quickly away. When he entered his study after his day's rounds, he saw the picture hanging in its accustomed place, stripped of its woodland garland.

One evening shortly after, the doctor made his way to the churchyard. He had not gone there since the funeral ; he had avoided the place. That night, however, he had resolved to

have it out with himself over his child's grave. He knew there are certain crises when life masters you, or you master it, and life, that of late with him had grown synonymous with grief, was subjugating him. He now determined to subjugate it; to hold the thought of his dead child tenderly pressed against his heart, as he would have held there that of his living child.

As he set forth, memories swarmed that he had kept in curb. The silver print of little feet ran before him on the shining sand; the babble of a child's voice was in his ear; the touch of her eager little palm thrilled through his. The urgent hand led him to where the guardian church brooded over her dead, on through serried ranks of grass-grown billows and gleaming headstones. As it fell from his clasp, there came a furtive rustling, as of a departing presence, and he found himself at the foot of a bed of flowers. Blue periwinkles, a fringe of long London-pride, golden-headed pansies, double daisies, a small bunch of monthly roses, a wreath of buttercups and daisies fresh picked from the meadows—all his child's favourite flowers. The surprise of the festal freshness investing the spot came upon his heart, reviving like a shock of fresh water. He loitered on his way back, occasionally stopping to consider the sea-coast and jutting headlands standing out in the moonlight, and he was conscious, in so doing, of a remote enjoyment, like a promise of reconquered self-possession. Letting himself in with his latchkey, he found the lamp lit in his study, the curtains drawn, the table laid. As he stepped inside, he discovered Kate absorbed in setting out a frugal supper.

He stood by the mantelpiece watching her. Six weeks of care and good living told their story. Her figure still preserved its slenderness, and in the grey dress, which fell about her in straight folds, she moved with a certain angular grace not bereft of character.

"Will you not take something? Let me pour you out a cup," he said, drawing near the table.

She shook her head ; she wanted nothing.

"There were flowers on the child's grave," said the doctor, after a pause. "All the flowers she cared for most—it was a garden."

He looked curiously up at Kate, but she did not answer. She bent forward, and he saw in the ring of light radiating from the candle she held in her hand, a pair of sympathetic grey-blue eyes, the radiance-touched tremulous lips, a pure white brow, and the ripe nut-brown hair just above it. His mind reverted to those angels Botticelli painted—work-a-day beings, quaintly sweet, unearthly wise.

"Was it Simon put the flowers on the grave?" he asked, bending his peering glance upon her.

"No ; I take care of it," she replied, hesitating.

"And you guessed all the favourite flowers?" he asked gently.

"There was the little faded nosegay to guide me, and the plot that was hers in the garden. I thought she would be sure to like buttercups and daisies. Jinny loved them." Kate paused, there was in her eyes that childlike wistful look which seemed to say, "Don't you understand?"

"Yes," said the doctor, a gush of gratitude flooding his heart. "Good night, Kate."

"Good night, sir." And she disappeared.

II.

Ashton House and the property around had lately been inherited by a middle-aged spinster, Miss Lownstone. She was a plain-spoken person, who prided herself upon her aptitude to call "a spade a spade." She had some hobbies, and the determination to make Ashton a model village was one. At present the lady was scudding over the Desert on a camel's back. She was addicted to taking extraordinary voyages, and

returning home at a moment's notice. In her absence the doctor was looking after the cottages, superintending the building of the school-house, and was commissioned to keep his weather eye open for an efficient teacher. It occurred to the doctor that Kate might be prepared to fill this post. The oppression and strain he had felt in her presence had long passed away, and he was anxious to be of some practical use to this waif, washed up by the sea of grief to his door.

Kate seemed aware of the change in their relationship, albeit it was a silent one. A shy and busy brightness replaced the alert watchfulness of her look. He sometimes woke to the consciousness that a prettiness, an intimacy, a charm were pervading his gloomy and neglected house. A sun bonnet hanging among the umbrellas, overcoats, and hats, gave a humanizing touch to the aspect of the hall. Kate, who still appeared to Mrs. Waddy distinguished by the mystery of suffering, was having it all her own way with the softly moulded woman. Her reign was undisputed; she brought an air of life and animation into the neglected household. The drawing-room, the formality of which had long been undisturbed by anything but dust, was now thrown open to the sunshine; the looking-glasses and furniture were polished, the cushions shaken out of their ugly covers, the chairs pulled out of their unsociable corners. Flowers bloomed everywhere. The doctor vowed Kate would make a spider in love with a dustless world.

When Mr. Moreson mooted to Kate the notion of preparing herself to be village-schoolmistress he was satisfied to find that she adopted the idea with enthusiasm. Preliminary examinations gave the sum of her attainments. They showed that her knowledge of grammar was fair; her conception of history confused, and consisting of episodes and characters vividly realized, towering over others, and setting chronology at defiance. Her geography was unreliable; in arithmetic, she was still in the stage when the use of fingers is necessary as

counters. Her spelling was correct ; her handwriting had a pretty, laborious formality. She displayed occasional scraps of learning that took him by surprise : she knew some poetry by heart, especially some of a quaint and elevated character ; she repeated passages from George Herbert or from Crashaw with an intonation that invested the rhyme with an unconscious and simple exaltation.

If, at the outset, the doctor devoted half-hours to Kate's lessons with the preoccupied mien of one who gives up absorbing occupations to the accomplishment of a duty, he, after a while, grew interested. She had two qualities that eased the road of learning ; she was imaginative and conscientious. She realized with surprising vividness what struck her fancy, and she laboriously executed what tasks he set her. Ere long, he found a respite and a relaxation in the fulfilment of his self-imposed task. It was like holding a plaything between himself and his solitariness and grief.

The summer passed into autumn. The woods decked a russet pageantry, and lighted crimson fires in their aisles in honour of the golden wedding of the sun and earth. The doctor went up to London, on one of the rare holidays of two or three days he sometimes allowed himself ; and meanwhile Miss Lownstone made a sudden appearance at the Hall. The afternoon following her return saw the doctor on his way home. If the almanack had some weeks ago declared the advent of autumn, this was the year's first day emptied of summer, a sunless and songless day, duly acquiescent to its mournfulness. As the doctor walked the five miles from Ashton to the wayside station bearing that name, he had a pleasant sense of anticipation. He took for granted the welcome he would get ; Kate, of course, would be waiting for him. In his reverie his feeling for Kate was of that practical and disciplined character into which no romance entered. From a sentimental point of view, he believed himself indifferent to

her. He contemplated with interest the time when she would be village schoolmistress, and he told himself he would be her friend, ready to advise her to the best of his lights in all her difficulties.

As he pushed open the garden-gate, he experienced a chill of disappointment at seeing no familiar figure. He let himself in with his latch-key, and the silence of the house affected him like an invisible presence of ill omen.

He was depositing his portmanteau on the floor, when the parlour door opened, and Mrs. Waddy stood before him, wearing an air of doleful flurry.

"Kate," she said with trembling lips; "I believe Kate has run away again."

"Run away! What do you mean?"

"I believe she's run away," reiterated Mrs. Waddy. "Miss Lownstone is back. She sent for Kate this morning. It was noon when she came back from the Hall. Then she went straight into the study. But the way she kissed me, and the way she looked just before she went out again—and it's now getting on to five hours—make me sure she's run away. And there's something more—there's a letter in the study."

Before the dismally prognosticating voice stopped, the doctor had passed rapidly into the room, Mrs. Waddy following close behind. He recognized the neat painstaking writing on the superscription. He opened the envelope with nervous fingers. He read as follows:—

"DEAR SIR,—I have gone home. The lady has made me understand *everything*. I cannot be the schoolmistress. I did what makes people hate and despise me: I ran away from home; and I tried to kill myself—only I had not the courage. No one would like their girls to be like me. I write this to thank you for all your goodness to me. I shall never forget it; *never*, so long as I live. Never."

[Here came the trace of tears ; a phrase begun and carefully rubbed out ; then the signature—]

“ I remain, dear Sir,

“ Yours respectfully,

“ KATE.”

Mr. Moreson had an odd sense of a tight clutching at his throat. He caught sight of Mrs. Waddy watching him with eyes of expectant grief. He crushed the letter into his pocket. “ I am going to Miss Lownstone,” he said hastily. “ She’ll explain it all.”

The lady was sitting with angular rigidity before her writing-table, surrounded with ledgers. Scarcely responding to her greeting, Mr. Moreson went at once to the heart of the subject.

“ A young girl I take an interest in, whom I am preparing to fill, with your sanction, the post of schoolmistress, called upon you this morning.”

“ She did—who is she ?” demanded Miss Lownstone, swinging her chair round, and not unbending a muscle of her rigid attitude.

“ I met her under peculiar circumstances,” he began.

“ Very !” responded the lady grimly, with a nod. “ Rolled up on your doorstep—ran away from home—intent upon committing suicide. Lord bless you, doctor, you and your wits must have parted company to recommend such a girl for the schoolmistress ! Such antecedents ! Every girl in the place would be running away from her home at the first wiggling she got here, and set off for a cold-water plunge because her schoolmistress had set the example. Come, now, can you tell me so much as the name of your protégée, and from where she comes ?”

The doctor sought to place his ignorance in its most plausible light. Miss Lownstone burst into a cheery, dry laugh. “ Never swear to the sense of the wisest-looking man of your

acquaintance so long as there's a wearer of petticoats in the world. My good sir, if the girl has got no character to lose," she went on in practical tones, "you have. I told her so plainly. I showed her that if she had a grain of gratitude in her composition she would take herself off."

"And she has done so," interposed the doctor, fiercely. "Do you know where her home is?" he asked, his sallow countenance growing more defined and rigid.

"Not I. I asked no questions. I just put a sovereign into her hand, and advised her to be a good, sensible girl; to go home and make it up with her father."

Mr. Moreson took up his hat with trembling hands. He had a sort of vague feeling that he had received a blow which had almost slain him, and that he must get away from the presence of the slayer; but in the open air he stood still a moment breathing heavily; then he set forth in the direction of the railway station. As he went on, but one idea and determination possessed him—to find her. He could get no trace of the fugitive. The railway officials had seen no one answering to the description of Kate. The last train had gone; but they promised to keep a vigilant look-out, and make inquiries down the line on the following day. As the doctor set his face homewards, the realization of his loss overcame him.

He thought of their genial comradeship; their wordless sympathies. What Protean nimbleness of mood she displayed to suit his! Talkative when he wished to talk; silent when he was inclined to be silent. Ah! the fool—the fool he had been. Did he not, should he not, have known that he loved her? Why, in his folly and abject self-delusion, had he not spoken the word that might have kept her by his side? Night had stolen into the autumn twilight. After the sullen day it came benign and hopeful. Quaint perfumes stirred in the woods; reveries floated through the alleys. The moon at sunset had seemed as a dead face watching the earth—now it shed

a limpid radiance. The ground was strewn with jewelled shafts of light, and still blue shadows. As the doctor passed the church he found himself pausing at the gates. Habit had guided him there, but he turned abruptly away; he feared to see that grave with the evidence of her loyalty and tenderness upon it. He walked on; then suddenly he went back upon his steps. He put away the weakness that would have withheld him, and went blindly along the narrow path. When he came to his child's tomb, and saw it washed by the moonlight, adorned with that garniture of autumn blossoms, planted and tended by her hands, the despair he had dreaded overwhelmed him. He had no tears for the dead—they were for that last joy. The place seemed haunted by Kate. He could fancy he saw her figure by the churchyard gate. "How can I bear home, now that she is gone?" he cried aloud. Something stirred in the shadow. Above the cross her face appeared, white as a spectre's face.

He stood transfixed, doubting the evidence of his senses. Then a wild enchantment seized him; a passionate thankfulness. She was there. The problem was solved that had seemed insoluble—he had found her. He stood looking at her as a man dying of thirst might pause to look, before drinking at the draught that is to give him life.

Then he went over and bent his head upon her shoulder. "Kate," he whispered.

Her lips moved, but no words came. With a sob and a despairing gesture she pointed downwards to the grave.

"Come back, come back with me," said the doctor gently, stretching out his hand.

"I cannot. I had set out—I went a long way—a long way—then I came back, for a last look." Her sentence was crushed by a sob, and again she pointed downwards to the grave.

"Whatever to-morrow may bring, you must go back with me now. I have something to say to you, Kate."

She shrank away, creeping closer to the cross, and moving slowly until it stood between them. It stretched its merciful shadow over her bowed head. Through the dimness her voice sounded brokenly.

"I cannot go back with you—I cannot. I know evil things are said—evil things of you. I never thought of that—never. You saved my life—you let me grieve with you—that was the kindest of all. It took the strangeness off. I was so happy sometimes—I thought it was God had led me!" The voice fell away, and the doctor made a step towards her, uttering an exclamation of ineffable tenderness. She crouched closer still to that protecting emblem of forgiveness. "They say it's all a made-up story about Jinny and father's second wife. It's true—true as that Elsie is there!" and she pointed to the grave again. "They say it was my slyness made your house look pretty. I never thought of anything but that it might be a bit of comfort to see it look cheery. When you looked pleased, or touched what I had worked—that was enough—it was all I asked. I want to go home now. I do not mind their being cruel to me—or anything. I want to go *where they know me.*"

The piercing note of shame in the voice coming through the darkness wrung his heart. His passion rose to his lips. "Kate, stay with me. Be my wife. I know you as no one knows you."

There came a convulsed sob, and the crouching figure seemed to sink to the ground. Then she rose to her feet. "Is it true?—or—or is it as the lady said, that you are good—that you would ask me to be your wife just to stop their talking?"

"To stop their talking!" he repeated with scornful emphasis. "I ask you because I love you, Kate. You are mine, —mine by every law. Driven into my arms by every circumstance—my prize from life's wreck—drifted up to my door."

He stretched his trembling hands towards her, but she evaded their search. "Do not speak like that," she gasped with imploring incoherence. "It is true I am not your equal—I tried to kill myself—people will remember. Oh! I must go—go."

"You cannot go from me—you dare not go from me," he said with a burst of fierce interruption. "Did you not see that you worked yourself into my life? I cannot do without you now."

She resisted no more. She let herself drop into his arms.

"Oh! I will love you so," she said after a moment's silence, "that I will make it up to you—my not being your"—but she never finished the sentence. In presence of God's two truths, Death and Love, the shallow trivialities of the world's creed faded into falsehood.

ALICE CORKRAN.

Hand Lore.

"In manu omnium hominum Deus signa posuit ut noverint singuli opera sua."—*Book of Job*.

ONE of Miss Austin's charming heroines was asked if she were not "a studier of character?" as if such a pursuit would redound greatly to her credit. Perhaps it is not too much to say that Miss Austen's novels have tended as much as anything to quicken the taste for this fascinating study; but, whatever the cause, it is certain that the "art of reading men" is very popular now-a-days. And, within the last two years, in France and England many people seem to have discovered that, of all the aids to this art, a sort of palmistry is among the best.

Byron said, as he stood grim and defiant by the scarcely recognizable remains of his friend Williams: "Show me the jaw. I can recognize any one by the teeth. I always watch the lips and mouth; they tell what the eyes and tongue try to conceal." We all attach faith to physiognomy—it is an instinct with us; notwithstanding that a clever dissembler will make up a face, and so betray as little as possible of the real man. But the story of our lives and the epitome of our character, as given in our hands, is at least safe to be untampered with. It is also more minute and interesting than the fullest revelation the disciples of Gall or Lavater can make. We must always remember that, as St. Augustine said of a cognate science, this art begs the question of grace. Good and bad qualities may be marked in a hand. Are they to develop or not? The answer depends on Heaven and our own goodwill. But, making all deductions, these qualities are probabilities for us.

The gipsies for thousands of years have possessed a knowledge of palmistry. It is true that by far the greater number of the race are the merest tricksters, imposing on the credulity

of the vulgar ; but some few of them are adepts in the art. Others have a partial acquaintance with it, and eke out their knowledge by a system of shrewd guessing. One great authority, M. Desbarrolles, tells us it is well for us to imitate their shrewdness in availing ourselves of all indications of character supplied by face or skull, or even voice, gait, or handwriting. "The whole is in every part," said the ancients. Physiognomy repeats the dictum ; and chiromancy too re-echoes it while claiming the most eloquent and authentic disclosures for the hand. Empirical, in the true sense—*e.g.*, relying on experience—this art assuredly is. Empirical, in the sense of *quack*, it often becomes in the hands of the greedy Bohemian.

An English physician once saved the life of the queen of the gipsies when the skill of the medicine-men of her own tribe had been tried in vain, and one of her head men lent the doctor, as a great favour, and in gratitude for the queen's cure, their treasured books on palmistry, making it a condition that the recipient should not show them to any one. This condition was complied with in the letter, but the doctor thought it no breach of faith, in subsequent years, to tell his daughter part of what he had learnt. With this knowledge, after some practice, the lady became an expert in palmistry, astonishing those whose hands she examined by her accurate description of their tastes, powers, and past life. A younger lady, to whom she imparted some of her lore, had an unpleasantly startling evidence of its reality. At a large dinner party, the gentleman who sat next her was a stranger to her till that evening, and she did not even know anything of his history. They talked of various things, and chanced upon palmistry amongst others. The young man asked to have his hands examined, and after telling him various things which interested him, the girl exclaimed : "But you must take care ! Any very great shock might entirely upset your mind." Unfortunately, this was said in a pause—one of those pauses, three of which are said to be *de rigueur*

during a dinner party. Instantly, the speaker felt the silence assume that strange, seemingly electrical quality which is eloquent of constraint, pain, or agitation. Glancing round her, the pretty palmist saw consternation painted on more than one face—a fact which was explained some minutes later by the hostess, who seized the moment of the withdrawal of the ladies to say in a tragic whisper: “Oh, Mary, what have you done? Your poor neighbour has not long come back amongst us. He has been some months in a lunatic asylum. They cured him there, but——”

To those who will take the trouble to scan the very slight sketch of the art which follows, the present writer will promise at least the power to amuse, astonish, and interest their friends: Chiromancy, then, is the art which deciphers in the hand the signs indicative of its owner's instincts, capabilities, and history. It is a combination of palmistry and of a system devised by an ingenious Frenchman, a certain Capitaine d'Arpentigny, and called “Chirognomy.” This system confines itself to the study of the shape of the hand in its outline; to the proportion its various parts bear to each other; and, above all, to the form of the finger-tips: it takes no account of the lines and mounts in the palm. Chiromancy divides hands into three general types. The first comprises those with pointed-tipped fingers; the second those with square-tipped fingers; and the third those with spade-shaped-tipped fingers. The latter widen towards the end, or, at least, have a little pad of flesh at each side of the nail which makes the finger-tip look like the little implement known as a spud. M. d'Arpentigny, who first made this classification, was led to do so in consequence of his visiting much at a house where many guests, of widely different kinds, were entertained. The hostess sought the society of artists, literary people, and musicians, while her husband—himself devoted to the pursuit of the exact sciences—delighted to entertain mechanics,

mathematicians, natural philosophers, inventors, and "practical people." D'Arpentigny was struck by the dissimilarity between the hands of the friends of the host, and those of the friends of the hostess. The artists had taper fingers, with rather pointed tops, and, generally, lithe-looking, refined hands ; while the manufacturers and the *savants* had square-topped fingers, and largely-developed finger-joints. On further investigation, d'Arpentigny found that certain moral and intellectual qualities were usually found in company with certain forms of finger. He accumulated facts bearing upon his discovery, systematized them, and thus constructed "Chiromnomy."

The three types are varied in two ways. First, by a hand containing fingers which belong to two or three types: and, secondly, by the fingers being "transitional," that is to say, not being pointed, or square, or spade-shaped, but partaking of the nature of two of the types. These varieties on the primal types are all called "mixed" hands, and are taken to denote the possession of a portion of the gifts of both of the types represented in the hands. And now to give a rough notion of what each type portends. Desbarrolles, following the teaching of d'Arpentigny, says the pointed hand promises religion, ecstasy, clear intuitions, poetry, inventiveness. The square type he pronounces indicative of order, obedience to conventionality and a law-abiding spirit, organization, regularity, thoughtfulness, and good sense. And the spade type denotes resolution, need of physical movement, love of action for its own sake, a strong leaning towards the practical ; a certain Philistinism because of the strong animalism associated with this type, love without tenderness, great liking for the comforts of life, and often audacity and the desire to produce a startling effect. The first group of characteristics he calls the spiritual order ; the second, the intellectual order ; and the third, the material order. The first type of finger belongs to those who are extra-sensitive and impulsive ; and those gifted with strong

ideality, and a rapid insight into things. The second type is found amongst scientific men ; also amongst sensible, calculating, self-contained characters ; and professional men (who steer somewhere between the courses of the wholly prosaic spade-shaped fingers, and the perhaps too visionary pointed hands), generally belong to this type. The commercial and the agricultural classes furnish many examples of the third type of hand. Each finger, no matter what the kind of hand to which it belongs, has one joint representing each of the "orders." Thus, the upper joint, that with the nail, stands for the soul—the spiritual order ; the second, the mind—the intellectual order ; and the third, the body—the material order. It takes some time for the beginner to get clearly into his mind the idea of the average proportions of a hand. A normal hand, it ever met with, would be comparatively insignificant in chiromancy : it is departures from the average hand which are eloquent of character. A hand conforming itself exactly to the *pattern hand*—which it must be the beginner's first care to construct in his own brain,—would portend a characterless being, a non-entity ; just as a phrenologist's smooth block, with no depressions or elevations, suggests to any casual observer a notion of utterly unnatural dead-levelness in a head. Writers on hand-lore speak of, say, a long middle finger, and a beginner is inclined to exclaim : "Long middle finger ! What finger *should* be long if not the middle finger ?" But the writers mean more than long in proportion to the other fingers : they mean long compared with the middle finger of this important average hand which should always be before the mind's eye of the chiromancist. In like manner, "a short first joint" (the nailed one) does not mean merely a joint shorter than the second, or the third (which the first joint almost always is), but a short joint as compared with the typical first joint.

Byron, who was in the habit of observing minute, and gene-

rally unnoticed, points of appearance, said he always looked to see if the first finger were longer than the third, and, if it were, he argued favourably of the character of the owner of the hand. Chiromancers, too, set a value on the superior length of the first finger : it should be longer than all but the middle finger, and the fourth finger should be well up to the hinge of the first joint of the third.

The thumb is always thought to be more significant than any finger. It is said to sum up the hand, besides affording indications not to be found elsewhere. Its first joint, if well developed, denotes will ; its second, logic, intellectuality, and reasoning powers. The hinge between this second joint and the third, or ball of the thumb, if very prominent, stands for persuasiveness ; and the ball itself, if large, is taken to be a sign of an affectionate disposition, love of children, fondness of colour in painting and melody in music ; and it is generally indicative of the presence of a strongly material side to our character. "*Wein, Weiber, und Gesang*" is the motto of the ball of the thumb, and the larger the other fingers are in their third divisions, the less favourably may the motto be constructed. The thumb is dedicated to Venus, in the astrological jargon of our subject ; the first finger, to Jupiter ; the second to Saturn ; the third to Apollo ; and the fourth to Mercury. In the palm of the hand, at the base of each finger, is a little fleshy pad ; and these pads, if full and strongly marked, strengthen the significations of the fingers to which they belong. For example, if the Jupiter finger is, compared with the average Jupiter, long, and no other finger exceeds the typical length by so much, then Jupiter is said to be "dominant" in the hand ; but if, added to this, Jupiter's mount is particularly large, then the characteristics which Jupiter gives (to be described further) may be looked for in great strength. Between the mount of Mercury (the pad at the base of the little finger) and the wrist, the space being divided into two equal parts, there are two

mounts, that half nearest the wrist being dedicated to the Moon, the other to Mars. A full mount of Mars betokens courage and activity. The triangle in the very middle of the palm is called the Plain of Mars. If flat, it promises a patient submissive nature—one capable of uncomplainingly bearing pain of many kinds. If, on the contrary, it is very hollow, then impatience, and incapacity for pain-bearing, must be looked for. The moon-mount strongly marked stands for imagination, love of form in painting, love of harmony in music, taste for sculpture, and love of romance. A well-formed cross, or star, on this mount, would be of good augury in an artist's hand. An excessively large moon would denote a sickly sentimentality, or even mania. It has been said that vices are but good qualities carried to excess; and, in the hand, exaggerated signs, even of the most valuable qualities, are unfavourable.

Jupiter in the highest type of hand, if largely represented, promises religion, poetry, or high sense of honour. The excess of it may mean pride, or, in a low type hand, vanity; but it cannot be too soon or too emphatically stated that one sign, taken by itself, is not, as a rule, reliable. The whole hand should be consulted, and the signs weighed against each other. Saturn, if very favourable, gives common sense, or, sometimes, a turn for science. If the Saturn finger be perfectly straight, it indicates truthfulness; and if crooked, more or less falseness in proportion to its deviation from the right line. A slight curve might denote only that gentle suppression of unpleasant truths which, according to Marianne, Miss Austen's model student of character, is an essential of politeness. Too long a middle finger stands for melancholy.

Apollo gives promise of the art-faculties. If the third (Apollo's) finger be dominant in the highest type of hand, then it denotes capabilities for the fine arts in their highest and most spiritual developments. In the second type of hand,

Apollo's gifts would be joined intimately with the practical, or with action. In the third type, Apollo would take the most material form, and stand for love of acting, or love of seeing theatrical shows, or it might signify another sort of fondness of display. Mercury, when important in the hand, promises aptitude for science, or for finance, or a tactful disposition, or gifts of diplomacy, or prudence.

And now any reader of properly constituted mind should be positively bristling with queries and objections. Why should the fourth finger be called Mercury any more than the first? Why should Saturn preside over truthfulness? Why should short lengths of each finger be given over to each of the three orders? M. Desbarrolles professes to find the answer to all possible objections in cabalistic explanations, which, to ordinary intelligences, offer more difficulties than the problems they are intended to solve. In truth, the "reason why" is not to be found, and is seldom sought. Mr. Eubule Evans, for instance, prefers to trust the justification of chiromancy to that inclination (which he says is specially strong with the English), to judge of the truth of a science by putting it to the test of practice. He says, with Josephus for his authority, that Cæsar was an adept in the art of chiromancy, and proved its utility; he quotes Aristotle as a teacher of the art, at least in so far that he laid down as maxims that if the lines in the hand were broad, well-formed, and clearly marked, magnanimity and longevity were indicated thereby, and that a fleshy hand also signified long life. Two new writers on the subject, Messrs. Frith and Heron-Allen, quote from the sacred, the profane, the ancient, and the modern, in order to give chiromancy the support of authority.

With the theoretic, unsatisfactory, and often superstitious sides of the subject, we have, however, nothing to do; but only with the practical part of it,—the simple, and of course by no means infallible, results of the investigation, on a large scale,

of the lines in the hand. The principal lines are five. First comes the heart-line, which crosses the top of the palm of the hand. It should start from between the first and second fingers and run to the very edge, or "percussion," of the hand, enclosing Saturn's, Apollo's, and Mercury's mounts. Usually, this is the most clearly marked line in the hand. It becomes more significant if it throws out a branch, or branches, across Jupiter's mount. Besides the qualities usually described as appertaining to the heart, this line stands for memory, imagination, and other intellectual gifts. Was it not Balzac who said: "Les meilleures pensées viennent du cœur?" A little lower in the palm is the head-line. It should start from the extreme edge of the hand, below Jupiter's and above Venus's mount, at the same point from which the line of life springs. The head-line should entirely cross the middle of the hand, which is called the plain of Mars. As its name denotes, this line is devoted to the intellect, and it should be clear and well-cut, and should go at least to the mount of Mars. If it be so long as to extend to the percussion of the hand, it indicates excess of calculation, or, sometimes, meanness. If it dip towards the moon-mountain, there is danger of dreaminess in the character, or something else equally opposed to the practical. If it be broken, it may mean a crazy tendency, or an accident to the head. The life-line encircles the ball of the thumb, otherwise the mount of Venus. To give promise of a very long life, it should go quite to the wrist. Cross-lines that threaten to break its continuity, indicate accidents and illnesses. But lines alter as time goes on, and a menacing sign of this kind may become obliterated before the age is reached to which the part of the line in which it appears belongs. Desbarrolles declares again and again that there are no inevitable fatalities, and he repeats with relish the ancient saying: "Homo sapiens dominabitur astris." When long, well-formed, and softly coloured, this line promises, besides health and longevity, a good

disposition. When pale and wide, on the contrary, it announces weak health, a bad disposition, and probably a special tendency to envy. A double life-line denotes robust health. "A sister line" is often found beside the life-line from about the middle of its course till the part near the wrist and that devoted to the latter years, and this is of happy augury, not only as regards tenacity of life, of which it gives strong assurances in spite even of signs of broken health, but also of a comfortable old age. If the life- and head-lines do not join at their starting-point, it is a sign either of silliness, envy, vanity, lying, or of a thoughtless and mischievous frankness.

The fourth line is the Saturnian, or fate-line. In his essay on chiromancy, Mr. Evans dismisses this line as one of which the chief use and object would seem to be to supply the shortcomings of the line of life. But when it is very long, it is a sign of a life of hardship ; so that, all things considered, it is desirable that it should terminate between "the head- and heart-lines." Desbarrolles is, however, of a different opinion, for he treats this line as the special oracle of destiny, and pronounces that, if it start from the wrist, and go straight up to the root of the middle finger in a clear-cut deep line, it is of the most happy augury. If it start from the moon-mount, it signifies good fortune and happiness, resulting from a caprice—that is to say, from the favour and interest of one of the opposite sex ; or it may mean a disposition to live more in dreams than in the outward realities of this work-a-day world. Every branch in the fate-line represents a round in the ladder of success, and all lines are the richer, and more significant of good, for having little branches upon them. If this fate-line starts from the line of life, it partakes of the characteristics of this line, whatever they may be, and it promises good fortune as the result of merit. It betokens, also, a generous heart. If, on the contrary, this line starts from the plain of Mars, it announces struggle and privation ; and this, in proportion as the line runs high into the Saturn finger. A hand without a Saturnian line

promises an absence of anything like a career. Its owner vegetates rather than lives.

The fifth of the principal lines, is the liver-line. It starts from the wrist, near the life-line, and ought to go to the mount of Mercury ; but it is rare to find this line perfect in a hand. Mr. Evans declares this line "receives the latest intelligence respecting the health and temperament of the individual." He calls it "a vulgar line," it being, in his opinion, significant of little beyond things concerning the physical health ; but in his "*Mystères de la Main*," Desbarrolles represents it as eloquent of more spiritual matters. If it be long, well-coloured, straight, and wide enough without being too wide, it denotes probity, a conscience at peace, an excellent memory, joy, a jovial disposition, good-nature, and success in business, besides being a sign of good health. The absence of the liver-line is, strange to say, indicative also of good. Bodily agility, veracity of speech, and a fine texture of skin, belong to those who are without it. The unhappy victims of what is known as "Indian liver," will probably have this line twisted about in their hand, and of different colours, in different parts of its course. The man who accepts the opinion of his doctor, grounded on the fact that he has "ribbed" nails and other signs, that his assimilative power is weak, and who scoffs at palmistry because its professor cannot say why a given sign stands for a particular disease, or a mental characteristic, is inconsistent. So is the sceptic about chiromancy, who believes his lungs to be delicate because his doctor tells him he notices a sheath-like form in the nails and bases his unfavourable opinion upon that. An old physician who has gained reputation and more solid professional honours and emoluments, has said that the very earliest herald of chest troubles is often a peculiar growth of the nails ; but if asked to explain the theory of the thing, he would break down completely. His knowledge is empirical—but unquestioned. Shall other knowledge of exactly the same kind be indiscriminately dubbed superstitious and worthless ?

The above are the principal lines ; but minor lines—that, for instance, of Apollo, which informs the chiromancist as to the art-capacity of his client or subject, or that of Mercury, which speaks of commercial, or scientific, or statesmanlike ability—either intensify, or counteract, the signification of the main features of the hand. Venus's ring is a case in point. It is a little line which starts from between the Jupiter and Saturn fingers and runs in a semicircle to a point between the third and fourth fingers, where it is lost. This line connotes "an undue tendency to philandering." If strongly marked in a hand with a large thumb-ball, and with puffy and long third joints to the fingers, especially if the type be spade-shaped, it will bespeak a sort of Don Juan character—a being who has been described, in the Malaprop manner, as "a gay Lutheran." The Magic Bracelet, again, brightens the promise of a good fate-line. It consists in three lines drawn, one across the base of the palm, and two across the wrist, parallel with the first, and is indicative of "the best of good luck," in gipsy parlance.

M. d'Arpentigny attaches the greatest importance (and experience will teach that he does so with justice) to the balance between palm and fingers. The hand should measure as much from wrist to fingers, as the fingers measure from base to tips ; in other words, the hand should be half palm, half fingers. The hand which is much more than half palm (and there are many such hands) promises an exceedingly material character ; while long fingers with little palm belong to the kind of disposition which originated, and all but believed in, the saying : "Give me the luxuries of life and I will do without its necessities." Some hands, whether they show perfect balance between length of palm and fingers or not, are not of the normal length taken as a whole. Short hands, particularly if the fingers be taper and smooth, coexist with the habit of judging rightly on the spur of the moment. With the owners of these hands the first impressions are the most reliable. If the

hands are of the pointed type, or have marks of ability, the character may be safely predicted to be quick, ready, resourceful in emergency—possibly impatient with the slow and tortoise-like portion of humanity, and, maybe, deficient in thoroughness, but able to seize salient features, and well fitted for seeing a subject as a whole. If they are *raconteurs*, they will rush to their point, enhancing the effect of their stories by the rapid way in which the *dénouement*, under their treatment, bursts upon their hearers. If they try to make a *précis*, their faculty for catching essentials stands them in good stead. As actors, they arrive at homogeneity of rendering in their *rôles*, and escape the weakened effect that over-elaboration produces. In an otherwise unpromising hand, short fingers might simply denote incapacity for going deeply into any subject. Long fingers, on the contrary, give love of detail. A painter, with long fingers and marked finger-joints, will strive after finish above all things, and probably entirely miss broad effects. With the long-fingered portion of humanity, “second thoughts are best.” They see a mass of little facts, and it takes them some time to puzzle out a conclusion from such a bewildering amount of material. They delight in minutiae. The critic whose earnestly spoken and sole comment on the sermon of a great preacher was: “His adverbs are very fine,” probably had exceedingly long hands.

The right hand is called the hand of fulfilment; the left the hand of promise. In other words, the right hand gives the character as circumstances and the will have made it; whereas the left indicates the original, untrained nature—and the two hands should be compared before pronouncing on many points. Temper is indicated by the colour of the lines in general. If they be livid, the temper is extremely violent; if crimson, it is somewhat less brutal; if red, it is only hot; and lines of moderate pink indicate good temper. The colour of the hand, as a whole, has its significance. Pink hands promise

cheerfulness; white ones, melancholy or refinement; and freckled, ill-coloured hands, vulgarity. Soft-handed folk are indolent, or susceptible, or pleasure-loving; and the hard-handed are energetic, or cold, or *terre-à-terre*, according as other signs shall point out. Breadth across the knuckles is a sure sign of energy. If indolent and energetic signs exist together, their joint presence may be interpreted as restlessness. The gipsies find "wedding-lines" between the end of the little finger and the heart-line. They are short lines running parallel with the line of the heart across the percussion of the hand. Engagements are smaller lines in the same part of the hand, and following the same direction. A number of small lines in this place would denote fickleness and philandering.

In all these cases, of course, the expert assures the young people that lines only speak, at most, of future events as *probabilities*. For palmistry recognizes nothing as final and irrevocable but the past. Tidiness and punctuality are denoted by the size of the hinge between the second and third joints of the fingers being large. A large hinge between the second and first joints gives order in the ideas. The merest tyro in hand-lore will be struck with the commonness of the sign of *material* order in comparison with that of order in the ideas. The corresponding plenty and scarcity of the things typified is not less noticeable.

Hostile critics will probably assert that chiromancy is but a bundle of haphazard rules; and, if they have to fight their battle on theoretic grounds, palmists have an indifferent chance of victory in the present state of their knowledge of this side of the subject; but there is a practical line of argument which they may adopt. They may take up, not the gauntlet, but the *hand*, of the assailant, and confute him by pouring into his astonished ear, say, some secret of his; or the history of his childish ailments; or some mental bias against which he

makes so good a fight that not one of his friends suspects his struggle ; or, if such a display of skill be not within the beginner's powers, he will point to the successes of his teachers ; to the famous doctor spoken of by Mr. Eubule Evans, who "asserted that he never failed to examine the palms of his patients after death, and always found that the division" (lesion) "in the line of life tallied exactly with their age at the time of their decease ;" or to Desbarrolles, who, fifteen or twenty years ago, in a published sketch of Gounod's hand recognized the latent signs of the composer's mental malady which only asserted itself openly at a comparatively recent date ; and who foretold, years back, Got, the actor's, celebrity. And if the critic still contends that they claim to know too much from the small signs a hand affords, they will tell him that M. Collongues could tell the age, state of health, and the temperament of any one whose great toe solely he examined ! If this astonishing fact be proved, shall we not echo Emerson's exclamation of scorn : "Ex pede, indeed ! Read instead : Ex ungue minimi digiti pedis Herculem, ejusque patrem, matrem, avos et pro avos, filios, nepotes et pronepotes ?"

E. M. LYNCH.

A Symphony of Sonnets :

IN EAR OF CLUNY WATER.

I.

BREAK, break, O heart ! upon this stony shore
Of Time, for not the most tormented sea
Knoweth the deep unrest that stirs in thee,
Or hath thy mournful motive in its roar ;
Beat out your whole complaint, tell o'er and o'er
The cruel wrongs of your captivity,
Bound, darkened soul that would be light and free,
Cry out, and break, if you can do no more.
I see the kine that graze on yonder hill,
And, sunk in such delight as fits them best,
They are in brute beatitude at rest ;
So were my soul at peace had she her fill,—
This soul that now must make her hungry moan,
And faint and famish for some good unknown.

II.

Mock not our moan, cold hearts that can lay down
The hope, which first to ravished love revealed,
Is still of every tender thought the shield,
And who, self-spoiled, your bare regret can drown
In shallow plaudits of the wondering town ;
Love knoweth that his lieges will not yield
His gifts, and that if on some deadly field
Bereft, they hold their sorrow for their crown.
Sad legatees of Love, let none impose
Base counsels on your conscience or your pride ;
The peace of brutes hath been to you denied,
But not this comfort in your mortal throes :
Haply your groans that so offend the night
Are of the travail-pangs of coming sight.

III.

All ye who lightly hold the high bequest
Of life immortal, by great Love alone,
And oftenest to his martyred ones foreshown,
How is it with ye when some tenderer breast
Hath been of fledgling love the chosen nest ?
And oh, when love long cherished hath outgrown
Your brooding care, hath spread its wings, and flown,
How hath the mother-heart in you found rest ?
Nay, it not rests, but dies, in such a case !
The woman-heart that nourishes a seed,
Charged with the hope supernal of the race,
Knows not of famished beasts the shameful greed,
But falls, and trampled out by grosser need,
Lives not to consummate its own disgrace.

IV.

Melodious Cluny winding through the vale,
Falling on deepest harmonies unsought,
While singing to the stolid hills of nought,
Why must my burthened tongue so faint and fail
While thy light strains with every heart prevail?
Lend thou thy sweet voice to my bitter thought,
That of my prouder kindred some be wrought
To sympathy, whose frown is music's bale.
Not so, fair Cluny; resting on the sward
In ear of thy so irrespective song,
My vain request hath done thy lesson wrong.
Teach but the lay to rise above the Bard,
The song above the Self and those who scorn,—
And so to wait the opening lids of morn.

V.

Where is the east? Sirs, we have journeyed far,
And, wearying for the signs of some new birth,
Have wandered o'er the sun-forsaken earth,
Asking the nearest way, and in the jar
Of many counsels, each with each at war,
Have lost our bearings. More than all words' worth
Were one faint ray to cheer us in our dearth;—
Where is the east? And shines there any star?
Dear God, what strife of tongues! and still for light
Only the lamps of men who read by night;
No star in heaven, no hill-top touched with fire.
Poor baffled soul, that knows not where to wend,
Make for the morning still, take heart, ascend,—
And, in ascending, strengthen your desire.

VI.

Make for the morning, wingless ones, possess
Of sun-ward yearnings ; your free life disdains
To stagnate in the cities of the plains ;
Make for the morning, and if ye must breast
The mountain slopes with toil, upon their crest,
Breathing the re-creative air that sanes,
Ye, fledgling spirits, briefly for your pains
May share the callow eagle's lofty rest.
Rise, brothers, rise ! howe'er the way be steep,
For it were safe in such high place to sleep,
And watching, weeping long, our eyes are sore ;
There at the sun's reveillé we may mount,
Drawn by the Day-beams nearer to their fount,—
Or fall into the gulf, and know no more.

VII.

What if like those who tread some burning plain,
And, looking through bleared eyes, wherein is blown
The dust of men and cities overthrown,
See, as the gliding ghosts of all their slain
And desiccated joys, a shining main,
Fair ships, and paradises overgrown
With rain-washed flowers,—what, brothers, if our own
High hope were but such coinage of the brain ?
Nay, truth may vouch that of our desert-dreams
Not one but somewhere is the thing it seems,
Yet, were the phantoms nought but only fair,
In such hard strait this would make good their call :
They found us help, as men to rise or fall,
E'en in the barren womb of our despair.

VIII.

I love the rolling moor, which is the hive
Of winged things whereof the day is sweet
And innocent, however it be fleet ;
I love to breathe and know myself alive
With careless creatures that not need to strive ;
To drink new joy at every stream I meet,
Earth's flowery laughters breaking at my feet,
And feel the tingling blood within me thrive.
Yes, it is good, though we may not forget,
To rise above the fever and the fret,
And, wistful of the end, to know no sorrow,
That thou must lapse, sweet Cluny, in the Dee,
Which in its turn must sink into the Sea,—
And I must be in London town to-morrow!

IX.

I hear thee, Cluny, in the vale below,
As yet again I breast this breezy hill,
And take of unreflecting joy my fill,
With thee, sweet Cluny, singing as I go.
The ruddy, sun-kist heather, all aglow,
Melts into ever bluer waves, until
It faints upon a sky of daffodil,
And I cry out for joy that it is so.
Vain glories that make glad the face of Earth,
What are ye, so to move me with your mirth ?
What help, for one who fades, that ye are fine ?
The hill's ærial bloom I cannot touch,
No fairest form I may embrace as such,—
What confluent springs regale your life and mine ?

X.

Dear Cluny Water, thou hast been to me
No fount Castalian, whereof poets drink
The sparkling water, lingering on the brink,
But I have sate until I ceased to be
Filled with thy music, and absorbed of thee ;
Have known the chains that bound me, link on link
Fall off, and leave me on thy breast to sink,
And lose my weary self as in a sea.
Then—then I knew no more, for none may know
The central secret of the birth of Song,
But at my lips I felt an overflow
As of thy music ; I have done it wrong,
It is my voice that sings so faint and low,
Only your sylvan heart hath made mine strong.

EMILY PFEIFFER.

Braemar.

Reviews and Views.

ALTHOUGH the Dudley Gallery keeps its name—a very pleasantly associated name—it has somewhat changed its character under new management, and we are inclined to regard it rather as a new institution than as a continuation ; indeed its present show has more chance of favour from the critic if he may be allowed to treat it as a mild and moderate novelty. He will then be free from some all-too-pleasant reminiscences, and will do better justice to a little gallery which has evidently placed its wall-space at the disposal of the outermost of deserving outsiders, and which will doubtless play a useful part in the cycle of the artistic year of London. The inner circle of membership, which did not exist under the old rule, is itself obviously not very inner. But here again we may recognise a certain mission in the conferring of minor distinctions. Honours should not be too exclusive or too few in the difficult arts. At the same time, we might wish that the outside work encouraged at the Dudley were done in better traditions. With the oil exhibition there was less radical fault to be found ; but we may protest against water-colours produced in a mood not proper to that medium of expression. All English art would gain greatly by a more perfect obedience to the laws, limits, and capacities of artistic material. We have at last learned to discard cut glass for pinched and twisted glass, and it may be hoped that we shall soon abandon dull and deliberate water-colours for light and vivid water-colours. But the Dudley shows no signs of such a reform. In fact, it is disagreeable but instructive to find that wherever in the gallery there appears any breeze, impulse, movement, or light, it is in a drawing signed by a foreign name. There is little doubt that the

peculiar capabilities of water-colour have been understood with more tact abroad than in the English school in its present development. As it is, our modern art of water-colour drawing is lying, for the most part, under a kind of spell of lifelessness.

The collection of Mr. Pownoll Williams's drawings of the Swiss Lakes, Como, and the Western Riviera, exhibited, as in the two previous years, at Mr. McLean's gallery in the Haymarket, shows the steady development of a peculiarly attractive talent. As a colourist Mr. Williams has evidently gained vigour in the effects of his more impressionary sketches, while the deliberate drawings have an increased reticence, as though the artist feared to give his serious work an easy effectiveness. It is, perhaps, for this reason that he makes a frequent choice of grey subjects; and his greys are beautiful and sincere, unmarred by the too common adulterations of violet or blue which some painters persuade themselves they are privileged to see in Nature. Mr. Williams is as true a painter of light as he is a colourist. His skies have the rare quality of approaching the truth of a right relation to the landscape. As a draughtsman he has achieved some exquisite form in the study of clouds, and of the light but vital forms of Italian trees. It was his sensitiveness to peculiar charms of growth and line in rendering the olives of the Riviera which some years ago first drew the attention of those who love Italy to the presence of a new landscapist among us. And now, as then, we find his talents more admirably suited to the holy poverty of soil that bears thin trees and delicate-lined vegetation, than to the richness of inland pasture and wood. In rich colour combined with finely-accentuated shapes, in the clear lines and rosy tints of Venice, and in the abrupt forms of cloud and mountain, Mr. Williams has done his most charming, if not his most elaborate, work. He cannot paint the Riviera too persistently,

or follow with too great detail and affection the unfolding of the line of hills looking south over that matchless sea.

Mr. W. L. Wyllie, whose drawings are on view at the Fine Art Society's galleries in Bond Street, deals with very different waters. The tidal Thames, and the grim uneasy sea about its mouth, have afforded subjects to an artist who by no means denies beauty, but who seeks it in leaden harmonies and in the accidental pictorialness of barge and steamer. Pictorialness, by the way, is not always the same thing as beauty, though it has perhaps the same value when it has passed through the artist's mind, and is presented in his work; and it cannot be said that Mr. Wyllie has made us in love with the scenes of his clever drawings. He has aimed at producing illustrations not only of the effects but of the facts of river and sea life. For instance, a group of vessels off the North Foreland is explained to represent the incidents of a Brig driving a bargain with a Tug for a tow, and of a Deal Galley on the look-out for a job. The subject certainly needs explanation. And in his faithfulness to facts as well as to truths, he has also given us a good deal of information as to lighter vessels, disused steam ferries, and dynamite magazines. Of one steamer we are told that she has just made the quickest passage known from New Zealand to Plymouth. Is the adventitious interest thus introduced "literary" or not? However this may be, we can imagine the pleasure of a seaman at the observant correctness of these drawings in such details as depth of lading and so forth. Perhaps the most attractive of the Thames subjects is that called "Black Diamonds—Bugsby's Hole," in which broad flat barges, laden with coal, come up on the grey river, strongly foreshortened. For movement, simplicity, and happy perspective, this drawing is altogether excellent. Another drawing, very pleasant pictorially, bears the characteristic title, "Rubbish Heaps, Rag-pickers, and Mud." Mr. Wyllie

is fond of flashing a broad white light upon the waters ; his skies have of course little sun and scarcely any outline of cloud ; but he is not afraid of drawing instead of organic cloud a little ragged body of smoke, shapeless but distinct, suspended in mid-air, where some steamer has left it.

More people know the name than the substance of George Eliot's essay on "Worldliness and Other Worldliness." Its republication now, with other papers by the same author, from the *Westminster Review*, *Fraser*, and *Blackwood*, of twenty or thirty years ago, will perhaps inform many readers for the first time that the poet Young is the subject of this essay with the famous name. Through him, and in his respectable but very vulnerable person, the author pierces the pseudo pieties of the man who denounced "mortal joys"—being artistically too insincere to attach any image to the words—while he was really anxious for bishoprics and benefices, devoted to smiling monarchs and to patronizing prime ministers, and the possessor of a "much indebted muse." "Of anything between these and eternal bliss," George Eliot tells us, "he was but rarely and moderately conscious. Often, indeed, he sinks very much below even the bishopric." Young took easy flights among the stars and the terrors of the Last Day, but had, or wrote as though he had, too narrow a heart for the easily rejected "mortal joys" of mutual charity, tenderness, and self-denial of life. It is easy to expose the earthly egoism, and the "egoism turned heavenwards," which too evidently formed what has been mistaken for religion in Young ; but on this tempting task George Eliot exerts her keenest power. In style the essay is altogether characteristic, and the thought is such as the author's writings have presented to us in a hundred forms. What will chiefly interest the student of her work is the directness with which she deals personally in this essay with matters very indirectly suggested, or treated dramatically, in her better known works. The fact that

"Worldliness and Other Worldliness" was published anonymously, seems to have given to her pen a certain freedom, and to have released her from the self-consciousness which often veiled her simplicity in "Middlemarch" and "Daniel Deronda." The curious in literary imitations may be amused by finding that George Eliot has borrowed a little wit from one of Young's satires. No wonder she laid hands upon it—it is so like her own in quality. When Klesmer had finished the performance of some classical music, we are told that he had succeeded in "convincing his audience that it was long." And so Young's beautiful Daphne delivers herself of her elaborate literary judgments from her "sophee"—

And then, pronouncing with decisive air,
Fully convinces all the town—she's fair.

The other Essays in the volume contain a criticism on the late unfortunate Dr. Cumming, whose theological peculiarities were the easy sport of gayer writers, but with whom George Eliot enters into serious remonstrance. An intensely sympathetic paper on Heine, written in his lifetime, will be read with more pleasure. But perhaps the most valuable essay is that in which the author, while reviewing two of W. H. Riehl's books on the German peasant, presents her own study of the corresponding Englishman. The volume closes with some slight "Leaves from a Note-book," of far less power and of later date, being about on the literary level of "Theophrastus Such."

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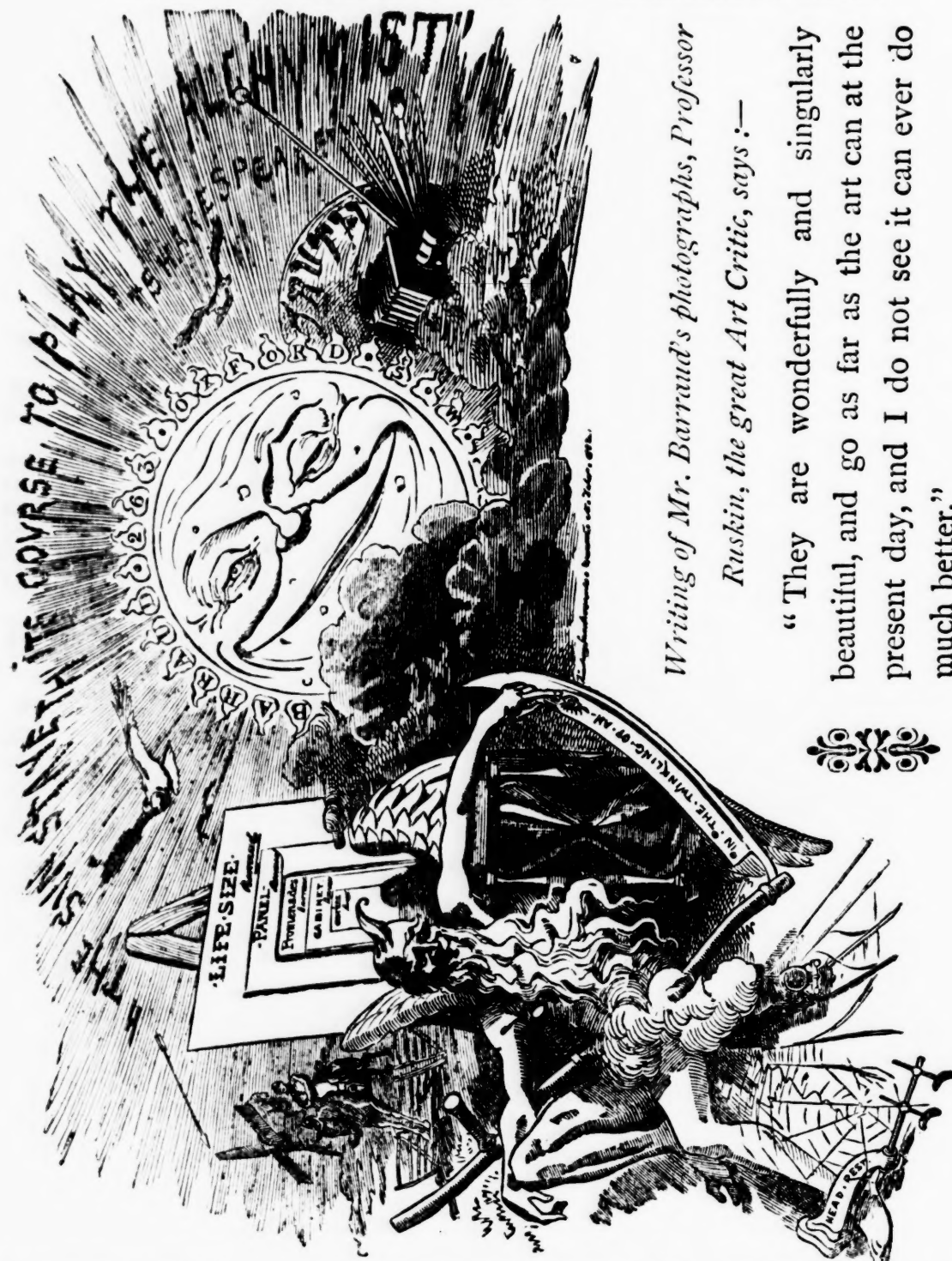
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MANIFESTO

OF

MERRY ENGLAND.

PROFESSOR RUSKIN does not love the steam plough, yet surely the steam plough in the midst of scenery the most idyllic is a better alternative—where such the alternative must be—than a starving people. The Professor indeed supposes that the modern ploughboy's whistling, as well as his work, will be done by steam; but we have faith that the rustic will yet again whistle for himself, albeit no longer for "want of thought." Frankly accepting the conditions of Modern England, we would have it a Merry England too. Though the maypole be a thing of the past, the same instinct for joy which moved men and maidens on the village greens of long ago is ready to assert itself still—Heaven sees in what distorted fashion—in our manufacturing towns, in our dense seaports, and our fields of coal. In London alone there are "two millions who never smile"—the members, alas! of a great family scattered, or rather huddled, in every city and village, through the land.

How their toil may be lightened and dignified for them, their sky cleared, their air sweetened, and the care for that light and sweetness cultivated in themselves; how marriage may be, not more rash, yet more possible and more righteous, among them; how maternity, losing at least its mental anguish, may regain once more the ancient "joy that a man is born into the world;" how the

children who now perish in their infancy may be saved to society and to thrifty homes; how old age may be made a season of honourable peace and of a well-earned pension, rather than of workhouse misery, which—cruel as death—puts asunder husband and wife; how Religion may be made more dear—at once more divine and more human, and the reverences and tendernesses of life multiplied among them:—how all this may be, the writers in the new Magazine will, from time to time, invite their readers to consider.

Such topics as these we shall attempt to treat with a freshness and delicacy which will redeem them from the dulness of blue-books, and will bid for the sympathy even of the happy and the young—the England which is Merry in all epochs. And if not in these, at least in less difficult problems concerning a Nation's welfare we shall have scope for fancy, and take opportunities for fun. We spare our readers the trite remark that Literature and Art are great elements of human happiness; but we shall make no apology for recognizing the fact by the publication of frequent papers, critical and biographical, about the painters and the writers of the present and the past; and this at least we may promise, that our Literature shall be literary Literature and our Art shall be artistic Art. And since we hold that the length of our railroads is no measure of the happiness of life; and the electric light is no substitute for a Star in the East; nor literature a glory, nor art anything else than a shame, if they disown fealty to the All-Father;—we shall seek to revive in our own hearts, and in the hearts of others, the enthusiasm of the Christian Faith. Moreover, in religion, as in literature in art and in sociology, we shall seek to fulfil Dr. Johnson's precept, and "clear our minds of cant"—the cant of commerce and the cant of capital, the cant even of chivalry and of labour, the cant of mediævalism no less than the cant of modern days.

Among the Contributors to "Merry England" are :

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SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON.
P.R.A.

COLONEL W. F. BUTLER,
A.D.C.

THE PAINTER OF "THE
ROLL CALL."

THE AUTHOR OF "LORNA
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JAMES BRITTEN.

REV. R. F. CLARKE.

MISS ALICE CORKRAN.

JOHN GEORGE COX.

ALAN S. COLE.

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The following Opinions of the Press (selected from many hundreds) on the first Six Numbers of MERRY ENGLAND indicate, not only the intentions of the Projectors of the Magazine, but also the way in which those intentions have been carried out.

OF THE FIRST NUMBER.

The "SPECTATOR" says:—

"The new magazine is well edited, and the opening article on 'Young England,' by Mr. George Saintsbury, is extremely well written. The etching of 'Mr. Disraeli addressing the House of Commons' is admirable. The little tale called 'Miss Martha's Bag' is a very skilful and touching one, and Mr. R. D. Blackmore's verses on the 'Blackbird' are interesting and original. So are the verses on 'Primrose Day.' The magazine promises to be a social success."

The "ACADEMY" says:—

"The success of the first number of MERRY ENGLAND has been great."

The "EVENING STANDARD" says:—

"MERRY ENGLAND is a handsome magazine, with quite an aristocratic look about it. It differs in the appearance of its type, the quality of the paper, and the size of the page, from all the other monthlies. The contents are unquestionably good."

The "GLASGOW NEWS" says:—

"The furtherance of human happiness is the greatest of objects, and the promoters of MERRY ENGLAND aim at this by means of pleasant articles on religion, literatures art and sociology, all devoid of cant. 'Reviews and Views' contain paragraphs of great discrimination and critical power. The Etching of 'Mr. Disraeli addressing the House of Commons' is worth the cost of the magazine many times over; and if succeeding illustrations are of the same artistic value, MERRY ENGLAND will be looked forward to, not merely as a literary treasure, but as a valuable medium for the dispersal of works of art. MERRY ENGLAND is worthy of commendation to those in Scotland and Ireland who do not include themselves in the national diminutive."

The "GRAPHIC" says:—

"Our youngest magazine has begun its gracious mission of brightening with fresh light and sweetness the grey dulness of middle-class lives."

The "EVENING NEWS" says:—

"A really charming magazine."

The "WOLVERHAMPTON CHRONICLE" says:—

"A vigorous manifesto indicates the high aims of the magazine, and the list of contributors gives promise that success will be deserved. We are not surprised to learn that the first edition of 5,000 copies was exhausted in a couple of days."

The "TABLET" says:—

"The first number of MERRY ENGLAND lets us feel that at last we have a high-class general magazine, from which the poison of infidelity shall be absent. MERRY ENGLAND is a Magazine which no cultivated household will care to be without."

The "PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR" says:—

"MERRY ENGLAND deserves the place of honour among the magazines of the month. It claims attention at first sight by its pleasant exterior, its readable type, and its varied, yet not overburdened, contents. Nor is there any disappointment in store for us when we turn over the leaves."

The "FREEMAN" says:—

"The first number of the new magazine is rich in promise, and really fills a vacant place. MERRY ENGLAND, though thoroughly solid, will at the same time attract the general reader who must have something to charm him in form, as well as to instruct him in substance. If MERRY ENGLAND goes on as it has begun, there can be little doubt of its final success."

The "YARMOUTH MERCURY" says:—

"So many magazines exist that it is excusable if one doubts whether there is room for another. Such a doubt, however, betrays ignorance, as any one reading the new periodical must frankly confess. The authors of this literary venture have recollected that the joy and gladness of human life should be as well represented as the other elements of daily experiences; and the contents of the first number admirably realize this too often neglected purpose; they are written with an earnestness of purpose and crispness of style which promise well for the future success of the magazine."

The "LEICESTER JOURNAL" says:—

"In the contents of the new magazine an amount of talent is displayed which ought to secure for it a wide circle of readers."

The "OVERLAND MAIL" says:—

"In aim, appearance, and get up, MERRY ENGLAND differs somewhat from its kind—a broad and pleasant page, a clear and open type, a genuine and genial policy. Its contents are varied and well written, by able and popular authors."

The "ESSEX STANDARD" says:—

"MERRY ENGLAND bids fair to be a formidable rival to the American monthlies which are so popular. There is a manifesto to the first number, in which the aims and objects of the new magazine are clearly set forth; and even surer guarantee of what we may look for from its pages is afforded by the contents of the first part, and by the subjects and writers announced for future numbers."

The "CHURCH TIMES" says:—

"The new magazine, MERRY ENGLAND, begins well."

The "WEEKLY REGISTER" says:—

"The illustrations will not fail to attract support from lovers of art. Etching—more costly as it is more satisfactory than any form of engraving—is the method used, and for the first time in a magazine sold at the price. MERRY ENGLAND is therefore in the cheap-periodical movement of the day."

The "WATERFORD CITIZEN" says:—

"The opening number of MERRY ENGLAND is worthy of its mission—that of endeavouring to infuse a spirit of refinement into everyday life. Colonel Butler furnishes a contribution to the history of the life of St. Patrick, which evinces ripe scholarship, and is written in a singularly fascinating style. Sometimes, indeed, the gifted writer soars into a region of the purest eloquence, subdued by an undertone of pathos."

The "WATERFORD NEWS" says:—

"The new magazine has met with that cordial reception which its excellence and cheapness so well deserve. MERRY ENGLAND is the most interesting publication of its class that it has ever been our lot to read."

The "WHITEHAVEN FREE PRESS" says:—

"The first number of the new national magazine, the advent of which has been looked for in literary circles with some curiosity, is a good sample, and if succeeding numbers are well up to it, it will prove a happy combination of art and literature."

The "BIRMINGHAM DAILY GAZETTE" says:—

"MERRY ENGLAND the new and highly promising candidate for public favour, is an unqualified success, and can scarcely fail to become rapidly popular."

The "HUDDERSFIELD EXAMINER" says:—

"MERRY ENGLAND has at last appeared, and contrary to the rule in the case of newly issued magazines, the first number justifies the preliminary announcements which prepared the reading public for its advent."

The "SOUTHAMPTON OBSERVER" says:—

"MERRY ENGLAND, will no doubt hold a high position in the literature of the day."

The "BOLTON WEEKLY GUARDIAN" says:—

"MERRY ENGLAND promises to have a glorious future. 'The Light of the West,' by Colonel Butler, as an historical picture, is the sublimest we have ever seen in any magazine. St. Patrick never had a biographer who was able to condense so magnificent a panegyric into so short a space. But all the articles in the new Magazine deserve, and will command, public appreciation."

The "NORWICH MERCURY" says:—

"The new shilling magazine illustrates excellently the improvement in public taste. The etching of Lord Beaconsfield is of itself worth a larger sum than is charged for the magazine, and it will be valued by Liberals no less than by Tories. If MERRY ENGLAND continues to offer us so good a shilling's worth its success is certain."

The "BOOKSELLER" says:—

"The new Magazine aims at a higher standard than the existing shilling monthlies, and is illustrated by a capital etching. The paper and printing are of a superior quality, and the general appearance is handsomer than is usual in a shilling magazine."

The "LONDONDERRY SENTINEL" says:—

"The new monthly magazine bids fair to obtain a prominent position among its contemporaries. The task which the writers have set before them is a noble one, and the contributors to the first number each and all display a comprehensiveness of scope and depth of research and vivacity of description which cannot fail to secure the approval of the reading public. Colonel Butler's description of the Emerald Isle is sublime and beautiful, almost forcing one to realize the poet's picture—'First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea!' This single contribution is worth the price of the entire magazine."

The "DERRY SENTINEL" says:—

"The new magazine promises much in the way of high-class literature of a healthy kind, and the first number performs well the duty which it has marked out for itself. It will take its proper place among the best periodical literature of the nineteenth century."

The "NEW YORK WORLD" says:—

"The first number will challenge comparison with any of the old popular monthlies."

The "PAISLEY HERALD" says:—

"All the articles are well-written and highly attractive. We shall be greatly disappointed in this magazine if it does not obtain a high place among our best monthlies."

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"The new aspirant among our Shilling serials opens with a very attractive number, the admirable etching being worth the price of the magazine many times told. If MERRY ENGLAND gives us an etching of this quality monthly, we should say the success of the magazine is assured, independently of its literary contents; but these also are of a high order of merit."

The "NORTHAMPTONSHIRE GUARDIAN" says:—

"The object which the projectors set before them is a noble one. Every lover of his kind will wish that the magazine may be in such measure, as is possible, instrumental in accomplishing its high purpose. We have rarely seen a first number of such excellent promise. The whole of the articles are eminently readable, and some of them are pitched in a far higher key than the usual run of magazine literature."

The "LADY'S PICTORIAL" says:—

"The etching in the new venture has caused its sale to be enormous. The first number contains a powerfully written article by Mr. George Saintsbury, on the 'Young England Party,' and one by Col. Butler, on the 'Light of the West,' which will make all true Irish hearts thrill with patriotic pride. No one has ever written with clearer insight than Mr. Kegan Paul on the 'English Rustic'; Mr. Cole's 'Plea for Health Guilds' is extremely important; Miss Alice Corkran's Novelette is exquisitely pathetic; and Mr. R. D. Blackmore's 'Blackbird' is a charming and uncommon little poem."

The "ARCHITECT" says:—

"The new magazine is bright and readable throughout."

OF THE SECOND NUMBER.

The "ACADEMY" says:—

"MERRY ENGLAND follows up the good start made last month ; and, indeed, we think that in some respects the second number is better than the first, having more distinctness and unity of purpose. Mrs. Meynell's writing never lacks charm, and her article on the home of the Carlyles—ironically entitled, 'Lovely and Pleasant in their Lives'—treats with real freshness a subject about which a great deal that is neither fresh nor edifying has been written. Mr. J. G. Cox's exposition of 'The Law of the Mother and the Child,' and his comments thereupon, are luminous and sensible. 'A Ropemakers' Saturday Night,' by Mr. Ashcroft Noble, is an account of a little club of ropemakers who met every week to read and discuss the writings of Mr. Ruskin, J. S. Mill, Carlyle, and Cardinal Newman ; and Mr. Noble quotes some shrewd criticisms made by the workers in hemp. There is a very creditable etching of St. Alban's Abbey, from the needle of Mr. Tristram Ellis."

The "EVENING STANDARD" says :

"The second is a delightful number of MERRY ENGLAND. Every article is excellent ; and any subject that may be regarded as belonging to the 'solid' class is treated with a light and pleasant touch. A light and agreeable seriousness is evidently the aim of the Magazine."

The "FREEMAN" says:—

"MERRY ENGLAND is pleasantly bright and varied. Of Mrs. Meynell it may be said as truly as of Goldsmith, that she touches nothing which she does not adorn ; but she is something more than a mere graceful writer, and her article on the home of the Carlyles—entitled, with a sad irony, 'Lovely and Pleasant in their Lives,' is as valuable for its fine moral insight as for its delicate literary touch. Novelty is generally attractive, and many readers will probably find it in the bright and attractive sketch entitled, 'A Ropemakers' Saturday Night,' which is from the pen of Mr. Ashcroft Noble, and should be read by all desirous of understanding the working-classes of our country. Mr. J. G. Cox, whose literary work is becoming favourably and deservedly known, has the happy knack of making even legal matters interesting, and his article on 'The Law of the Mother and Child' will enlarge the knowledge of most readers without sending them to sleep. Mrs. Haweis writes learnedly of 'Dress in Merry England' ; Mrs. Loftie brightly of 'Social Dulness' considered as a 'bogey of provincial life' ; and Mr. John Oldcastle's story, 'A Doubtful Parishioner,' is well conceived and capitably told."

The "WORCESTERSHIRE ADVERTISER" says :

"Number two of this capital magazine sustains the reputation of its first issue, and bids fair to hold a permanent place in our literature."

The "PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR" says:—

"The second number opens with a pleasant bit of historical gossip on St. Alban's Abbey, by Mr. R. Brinsley Sheridan Knowles. The etching of the noble building by Mr. Tristram Ellis is worth more than the price of the magazine, and will in many cases find its way to a frame. Mr. J. A. Noble gives a readable sketch of 'A Ropemakers' Saturday Night' ; Mr. J. G. Cox supplies an interesting and valuable summary of 'the Law of the Mother and the Child' ; Mrs. Loftie discourses pleasantly upon 'Social Liability' ; and Mrs. Haweis takes up her favourite theme of 'Dress.' A series of readable notes closes the number, which more than justifies the praise we bestowed on the first issue. It is an eminently readable magazine, and its aim is not only to entertain but to elevate."

The "BURY POST" says:—

"This is only the second number of the new magazine, but already it seems installed as a favourite. The serious things of the world are not eschewed, but they are touched with a delicate and light hand, and agreeable tints are laid on with a fine and discriminating touch. Mr. John Oldcastle writes an admirable story, and Mr. J. A. Noble shows conclusively that working-men are susceptible to culture."

The "ADVERTISER" says:—

"Of the first number of this new aspirant a critic remarked, 'if MERRY ENGLAND goes on as it has begun there can be little doubt of its final success.' We can only say that it is going on as it began. The second number contains all the literary merit which won for the first number such prompt and decided success."

The "DERBY MERCURY" says:—

"The second number of MERRY ENGLAND well fulfils the promise of the first number. The etching is worth more than the money asked for the whole number, and there is no falling off in the quality of the literary contributions."

The "PAISLEY GAZETTE" says:—

"The title of the magazine was happily chosen, and it raised expectations which may reasonably be said to be fully met. The readable type in which the magazine is printed helps to promote the popularity it has already obtained, and which the character of the contributions well maintain."

The "TABLET" says:—

"The June number of MERRY ENGLAND is exceptionally good. Mrs. Meynell's article, 'Lovely and Pleasant in their Lives,' is not only charmingly written, but treats of a difficult subject with consummate tact. Mr. J. G. Cox contributes a clear and powerful article on the 'Law of the Mother and the Child;' while the 'Reviews and Views' are written with a subtle distinction of style which will betray to many the hand of one of the most charming writers of the day."

The "SOUTHAMPTON OBSERVER" says:—

"The second number will certainly extend the excellent impression made by the first. A variety of well-written papers make up a very readable number of this high-toned periodical, which seems destined to make a distinct position for itself above the average of ordinary miscellanies."

The "BIRMINGHAM DAILY GAZETTE" says:—

"MERRY ENGLAND is a marvellous shillingsworth; its etching, essays, stories and reviews being all good."

The "BRISTOL MERCURY" says:—

"It is satisfactory to be able to say of the new magazine that the second number is as good as the first. Mrs. Meynell contributes a graceful essay; and to this succeeds a capital little story of a class that always pleases, by Mr. Oldcastle. Mr. Noble gives an interesting account of an evening spent in the company of Liverpool operatives; and Mr. J. G. Cox deals in an earnest and able spirit with an important social question."

The "OXFORD UNIVERSITY HERALD" says:—

"The second number of this new magazine shows no falling off. Mr. John Oldcastle contributes an excellent story, 'A Doubtful Parishioner,' the leading incident in which is quite new."

The "SHEFFIELD DAILY TELEGRAPH" says:—

"The etching of St. Alban's Abbey, by Mr. Tristram Ellis, is a really beautiful work of art."

"LIFE" says:—

"We said of the first number of this magazine, and we now repeat of its successor, that the promise contained in its manifesto has been amply redeemed. Its literature is literary and its art artistic; and we are glad to see that other periodicals have done full justice to its attractive external form."

The "IRISH MONTHLY" says:—

"There are several new magazines, but the one to which we feel impelled to give a cordial greeting is MERRY ENGLAND; in spite of its name the graceful design on its cover gives, we think, a dozen shamrocks to two thistles and one rose. Very great taste and skill, inclining to the dainty and æsthetic, are shown even in the mechanical arrangements of the new magazine, which is the first of its kind to use etchings freely for its illustrations."

OF THE THIRD NUMBER.

The "ACADEMY" says:—

"Considerable artistic interest attaches to the third number of MERRY ENGLAND. Mrs. Meynell's article, 'The Story of a Picture,' is illustrated with nine reproductions of studies made by Sir Frederick Leighton for his noble design for the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, 'And the sea gave up the dead which were in it.' The studies in themselves are interesting; and, though Mrs. Meynell modestly speaks of herself as an outsider, her comments are characterized by knowledge as well as judgment. Mrs. Butler also contributes an illustration, entitled 'A Cistercian Shepherd,' which accompanies an article by Mr. J. G. Cox.

The "NEWCASTLE COURANT" says:—

"MERRY ENGLAND has a character of its own, thoroughly original, clever, and bright."

The "GLASGOW NEWS" says:—

"The contents of MERRY ENGLAND are of uniform excellence. Probably not the least important of the factors which go to make up the marked individuality of MERRY ENGLAND is the fact that, while it has each month contained at least one picture of considerable artistic value, it is not an illustrated magazine in the usual sense of the term, that is to say—it is not a magazine in which it is considered necessary to have a certain number of illustrations, good, bad, or indifferent. Thus, while the first two numbers each contained an admirable etching, the present one contains no less than ten full-page engravings, of which nine are by Sir Frederick Leighton. The conception and execution are alike powerful, and leave an impression of the earnest thought which the President has brought to bear upon his design. The frontispiece is a reproduction of a spirited drawing by the painter of the 'Roll-Call.' The article which is illustrated, 'Horney-handed Brothers,' is by Mr. J. G. Cox, and is a tribute to the earnest, unselfish industry of the old monks in the best days of monasticism, when much that was best and noblest in humanity found its highest expression in the single lives of the inhabitants of the cloister. The other articles are on 'A Berkshire Village a Hundred Years Ago,' by the Rev. J. F. Cornish; 'Thoughts in a Library,'

by John Dennis; 'Small Talk,' by Alice Corkran; and 'Travelling Thoughts on the Acropolis,' by Mrs. Pfeiffer. These, with a story by Rosa Mulholland, a poem on 'The London Sparrow' by W. H. Hudson, and the literary and artistic gossip, under the heading, 'Reviews and Views,' make up a number which is readable from beginning to end, and which is marked throughout by a confidently high tone not always found in contemporaneous periodical literature."

The "NORTHERN ECHO" says:—

"MERRY ENGLAND is a good shillingsworth of clever, perverse, whimsical, gossiping, academical prose, poetry, and pictures."

OF THE FOURTH NUMBER.

The "GLOBE" says:—

"MERRY ENGLAND continues the distinct features which have characterized it from the beginning. It is completely different from all other magazines, and the articles are ably written."

The "GLASGOW NEWS" says:—

"The New Magazine has now reached the fourth number, and we are glad to see that it fully maintains the excellent promise with which it started."

"The EVENING STANDARD" says:—

"MERRY ENGLAND is developing originality. The pleasant, familiarly-written essays, and the easy flowing sketches, sometimes full of suggestive instruction, and yet free from all stiltedness, place readers and writers on the best terms at once. Mrs. Lynn Lynton contributes what we may call a *causerie* on 'Scandal'; 'A Gift of Interpretation,' by Mr. Francis Phillimore, is admirable; 'With Ariel' is at once careful and thoughtful; and Miss Alice Corkran's 'Face at the Window' is a pleasantly told story."

OF THE FIFTH NUMBER.

The "FREEMAN'S JOURNAL" says:—

"Within the last few years many new magazines have been started. One of the newest is "MERRY ENGLAND," which has several distinguishing features of its own. A certain daintiness and elegance mark the type and paper, and all the other externals, including the cover. Never before in a cheap magazine has etching, the most costly and satisfactory form of engraving, been used so freely for the purpose of illustration. The fiction of the magazine is confined to tales finished in a single number.

The "BRISTOL TIMES" says:—

"MERRY ENGLAND, though the youngest of the Magazines, has succeeded, by its own intrinsic merits, in forcing itself into the front rank."

The "NORTHERN WHIG" says:—

"Mr. W. J. Loftie contributes a chatty article 'About Westminster,' which is illustrated by a capital etching of the Abbey, by Mr. Tristram Ellis. Mr. Davidson's story 'The Mysterious Hamper' is a pleasant illustration of the old story, how the lawyers take the oysters and leave the shells to their clients. In 'Spoilt Parents,' Mrs. Lynch pertinently replies to those who censure parents for spoiling their children. 'A Night with the Unchanged' is written by Mr. Richard Dowling in his best vein, and charmingly satirizes some of the most respectable criminals who adorn society in these days."

OF THE SIXTH NUMBER.

The "LIVERPOOL MERCURY" says:—

"The sixth number of MERRY ENGLAND upholds its character for general excellence."

The "NORTHAMPTON GUARDIAN" says:—

"Mr. Wilfrid Blunt was so prominent a figure in the Egyptian difficulty that the public interested in the promotion of justice will be glad to know something more of a man who was anxious to see it done. Readers of Mr. Oldcastle's sketch of Mr. Blunt's life will rise from its perusal with the strengthened conviction that in the course he took he was fighting not only in the cause of truth and justice, but also in the interests of his own country. . . . In 'Empire or Fellowship' Mr. J. G. Cox ably indicates the revolution of ideas in our relationship to our colonies, and as we think, has interpreted most truly one of the most gratifying moral changes of our time. He has touched one of the most powerful springs in the national feeling and will—one of the spiritual forces that work silently but surely in the regeneration of the world."

The "MANCHESTER EXAMINER" says:—

"Mrs. Lynch's very energetic endeavour to class patient Grizzel and her followers as criminals rather than as heroines is boldly truthful and yet amusing."

"LIFE" says:—

"*Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit* would be an apt motto for this charming magazine; and if its editor continues—as he has begun—to give its subscribers variety as well as value for their money, *nihil non tetigit* will soon be equally applicable. As for agreeing with everything that every writer in MERRY ENGLAND advances, that, we need hardly say, is out of the question. We gravely doubt, for example, the soundness of the view of the Egyptian question put forward by Mr. John Oldcastle in his interesting sketch of the career of Mr. Wilfrid Blunt; yet we cannot but admire the literary skill with which Mr. Oldcastle states his case."

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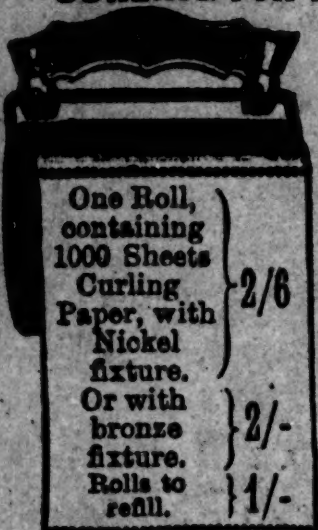
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